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THE FORKING OF THE ROAD

Let us all agree that honest self-criticism need not be depressing but, on the contrary, may be immensely stimulating. What follows is reprinted from a Toc H magazine which very few members at home ever see—the West Australian Supplement (January) to The Link: its author is DON COPPING. Introducing it, he says: "I know in submitting this article I incur . . . the disapproval and disagreement of a great many of my fellow members of Toc H. I can but ask you to think fairly of it, or even unfairly. I shall not mind that provided you do think about it. Again, although a member, circumstances have removed me from the active list for nearly a year and I am only just coming back into the Movement and for this reason I am perhaps able to view Toc H with something of the outsider's objective outlook."

UNTIL the last year or so our Movement has been concerned with the primary function of growing. Extending, consolidating, organising—these have been our chief cares. But to-day there is a large body of men who, collectively, can look about them and say: "Well, we are Toc H. What about it?" And the outside public, too, is beginning to say, "Exactly, you are Toc H. What about it? What are you going to do about it?" And that is where, within and without our circle, opinions differ. Since Toc H has no ultimate constitution or fundamental formula there always will be difference of opinion amongst us as to how we should function; and it depends upon the sanity and concensus of these opinions exactly how Toc H will develop in the future and whether it will achieve the purpose for which it was founded and inspired. It was founded by greater men than us, but we are the masters of Toc H's fate.

It seems to me that our road which, with all its ups and downs, has been constant in direction, has now reached a point where it forks and we have to decide which path we are going to take. One faction would have us take the left-hand track and another urges us along the right. Both are sincere and have the future of Toc H at heart and, I am sure, both are convinced that the two ways ultimately unite or converge at a common destination. I wonder?

If we go to the left, as I see it, the next generation will see Toc H a wonderful band of young men, religious without being "churchy," happy and decent living. A body which conducts "wonderful and impressive ceremonies," which is for ever meeting in rousing good-fellowship, singing their gay and original songs, autographing names and programmes, posing for flashlight photographs and listening to and cheering the many "moving" speeches of their high-minded young leaders. A movement with great ideals, of which "prominent citizens" will speak highly and to which most parents would wish their sons to belong.

Is this Toc H? The Ceremony of Light will remain, of course, but the average member will have as much idea of its real significance and origin as—well, as I have of the origin of the convention that well-mannered people tilt their soup plates away from them. It will remain simply because it is a "ceremony" and a tradition. Ceremony is dangerous. "Kingy," at one of our large public guest-nights, once made a remark to the effect that "in Toc H we have our ceremonies; and, after all, we all love a ceremony if it is good and simple and we can understand it." That's the trouble, we love ceremony, as such. The Ceremony of Grand Light at the Birthday Festivals is coming to lack even the saving virtue of simplicity. Many come open-mouthed to see it. Everywhere afterwards we hear outsiders saying "Wasn't the ceremony wonderful? Wasn't it impressive?" and ourselves "The ceremony went jolly well." It did, and nobody got more of a thrill out of it than myself, but I fear on that evening we were showmen, not Toc H-ers. In some measure, at least, we prostituted reverence to the glamour of display. Again, I say I am sufficiently human to have been impressed by the ceremony, the impressiveness of which should have been of a different sort, and I should, personally, be sorry to see it omitted in future. But is it not a step along the left-hand path?

Toc H is a wonderful thing. It is doing marvellous work. We are all jolly good fellows. We are always being told so and by ourselves more often than by anyone else. There is no doubt Toc H meetings are great places for talking. I am not employing a cheap sarcasm in saying this. Perhaps I should have said that Toc H meetings are places for great talking, for one has only to think of a few of the ideal-inspired addresses that one has heard to realise the truth of this. But the trouble is that we are always talking and word-dreaming about our ideals and doing so little towards practical attainment. Any movement or individual can do that and most of them do. The more we talk the further do we travel along the left-hand track.

It is a rather hackneyed but true saying that to-day, as never before, the world needs men and women with the principles and ideals of Toc H. But they must have the courage of their convictions and be prepared to practice them. Every week our members come together in hearty fellowship at the meetings and are Toc H-ers to the core. In the streets the badge and the tie call for a fraternal greeting or a friendly nod whether or not the wearers are known one to another. But below this superficial behaviour few of us are really Toc H-ers. We are average men; business men, labourers, scholars, students and so on, each guarding jealously his interests against the other. In the event of some great national crisis, Toc H would not stand together because it could not, and until it can stand together it can be of little influence in the world. It would be divided into a dozen factions according as the individuals were militarist, pacifist, conservative, liberal, radical, plutocrat, pauper, patrician, plebeian, employer, employed, etc., etc. Toc H, as a body, has failed in the present difficult times in the same way that other similar movements have failed, because man is, by nature, eminently selfish. I am not with any bitterness censuring Toc H—what could be expected of a Movement not yet of age in a fight against forces thousands of years old? But these problems are

very real sooner or later and must be faced—unless we take the left-hand road. The Toc H at the end of this road will not be a body-militant but a body-talkative, not requiring practice of its precepts.

The right-hand road is a far less satisfying one. It means that we must go into mental and habitual training and that we must eschew much of what is superficially attractive in Toc H. We will have our ceremonies, our gaiety, our fellowship, but we will have to keep them to ourselves and not make a display of them for the admiration, but doubtful edification, of the mob. For by keeping these things to ourselves will we be able fully to preserve their true reverence and value. We will have to leave others to blow our trumpets for us. Greater service and sacrifice will be required of every individual from State Executive down to the latest probationer. There will be no room for the slacker or the glory-seeker. . . Except in such beginnings as our Scout-work and boys' clubs, the greater amount of our service is trifling—providing buckets to catch the drips from the leaky roof of Society; not mending the leaks. There are bigger jobs ahead.

The right-hand road means, too, that many will not be attracted, and for some there will be no room. . . Everyman's Club? No, I hope Toc H never will be Everyman's Club. The aims, ideals and full appreciation of Toc H surely require some standard of idealism and intelligence. This would preclude many—many who, to-day, are thronging into the Movement. Don't think that I mean Toc H must develop into a body of profound intellectuals and inspired super-altruists. I don't; but I do mean that the incoming member must mean business, be sure of the business he is undertaking and possess an intelligence somewhat above that of an average middle-class oyster. Yet it is hard to credit even this to some that are met in Toc H. . . The right-hand road is a road of Reality, not Pretence; of sincere effort, not shallow gesture; of doing, not talking. It is not an easy road; it is not an attractive one; but it is the only road that will get us there.

There is, though, a possible third way out. We do not wish to go back; we cannot agree whether we go right or left; we may yet go up—up in the smoke and hot air of our own dissents. If this happens, at least we have the hope—the forlorn hope that attends all struggles of man with man, and man with human nature—that out of the fire something better will be born—a Toc H renascent.

D. C.

HINTS TO DEBATERS

Here is the last page from the Journal of a Toc H Group in Victoria, B.C.

- (1) Don't wait till you've something to say—say it, anyhow.
- (2) Speak loudly and forcibly—what your argument lacks in sense make up in sound.
- (3) Don't trouble to make your argument clear, concise, or coherent—no one can reply to you effectively if they don't know what you've been saying.
- (4) Repeat yourself as much as possible—water ultimately wears even stone away.
- (5) Don't be interrupted—if someone else wants to speak carry on till you bust.
- (6) Always contradict the last speaker—unless, of course, he's Putty, in which case your best plan is to agree at once.
- (7) And finally, (a) Don't stop arguing because you're wrong.
(b) Don't stop arguing.
(c) Don't stop.

LETTERS ON NOVELS—III

In two previous articles, HUGH WALPOLE has tried to guide us in the reading of some great novels of the past. In this, the concluding article of the present series, he deals with recent or living writers. Those who have followed his advice have started on a great feast of good reading, which they can continue indefinitely for themselves.

MY DEAR TOM,—I hope my last letter did not bore you. I was getting a little pontifical, I'm afraid, but after all, you asked for my opinion so I gave it. Or, at least, I gave a little fragment of it. I really did no more than suggest twelve novels for you to read, but the very writing down of the names of them opened out so many new notions that I could have gone on for ever.

That, however, is the last thing that you will want me to do (after twenty years I know you pretty well!), so now I will answer your other demand. I look at your letter again and I see that you say: "Tell me your own notion of the best dozen modern novels—or, at any rate, a dozen modern novels that a fellow like me should read if he wants to know what the modern novel is doing. I don't say I do—but give me a chance. Let your list cover all the schools but I want the books to be what you critics call literature."

Here is my list and it hasn't been easy to make:

The Brook Kerith George Moore
The Old Wives' Tale Arnold Bennett
The Forsyte Saga Galsworthy
Tono-Bungay H. G. Wells
Kim Rudyard Kipling
Sons and Lovers D. H. Lawrence

A Passage to India E. M. Forster
To the Lighthouse Virginia Woolf
Antic Hay Aldous Huxley
Angel Pavement J. B. Priestley
Black Diamond F. Brett-Young
Of Human Bondage . W. Somerset Maugham

Now there are certain things to notice about this list, Tom. In the first place, it is, of course, a personal one and yet, if you got together a gathering of intelligent, cultured people, not cranks but seriously fond of good literature, they would agree, I'm sure, on all the authors in this list except two (and I'm not going to say which those two are!). Ten of these, then, are pretty universally acknowledged to be our ten leading novelists. Of these, however, two are dead*—Arnold Bennett and D. H. Lawrence—and Kipling, George Moore and E. M. Forster have ceased to write novels: if, then, I was asked to add five novelists with a novel each in place of these non-productive five I would add, I think:

Potterism Rose Macaulay
The Rakonitz Chronicles . G. B. Stern

Maurice Guest H. H. Richardson
Jacob Stahl Trilogy ... J. D. Beresford

Invitation to the Waltz Rosamund Lehmann

But notice that about these last five there would be always endless controversy. Everyone would have a different candidate. So if you stick to my original twelve novels and read them you will be safe and will really discover what the modern English novel is doing. And yet, will you? For the curious thing is that in all the seventeen novelists I have named now only one is under thirty-five, Rosamund Lehmann, and she, I will admit, is a case of sheer personal preference. Are the

* Since this article was written George Moore and John Galsworthy have also died.—ED.

novelists under thirty-five, then, doing nothing? Of course they are not. They are doing a great deal. The coldest and most cynical observer will agree that the average standard of the English novel is vastly higher to-day than it was thirty years ago.

But, as J. B. Priestley remarked somewhere the other day: "There are so many good novels but so few good novelists," by which he meant that individual novels are excellent but that novelists with a sound and strong reputation are few. In fact, the old names recur again and again, nor, search though I may, can I find any novel by any living novelist under thirty-five that can possibly rank with ten of my first twelve.

These twelve fall very readily into three divisions. The first contains *The Old Wives' Tale*, *The Forsyte Saga*, *The Brook Kerith*, *Tono-Bungay* and *Kim*. These may be said to be the present novel classics of the twentieth century. That does not mean that they will be read by future generations. I believe that *The Old Wives' Tale* and the first half at least of *The Forsyte Saga* will be read for generations to come, first because they create real character that are both types and individuals—the Baines girls and Mr. Povey in the first, Soames Forsyte and old Jolyon in the second—but also because they present truthful and living pictures of phases in English social history that are gone never to return and that can never be seen at first-hand again by anybody. These two novels, however, have not been innovators as Henry James and Joyce and Virginia Woolf have been.

At the mention of these last names, Tom, I can behold you shiver even in your burning Australian sun. "Oh, Lord!" I can hear you murmur, "what I feared is happening. He is getting desperately highbrow." Just wait. I'll demolish that loathsome word before I've finished. *The Brook Kerith* is very nearly the most beautifully-written novel in the English language. It is a poem rather than a novel. *Kim* also, perhaps, is a poem; I do not consider that Kipling is a novelist except in this one instance. Kipling is to-day out of modern critical favour. Pay no attention to that. *Kim* and *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *The Jungle Book* will not die. As to Wells, I might have chosen *Kipps* or *Mr. Polly* instead of *Tono-Bungay*. Any one of the three will do. They all belong to Wells' middle period when he was a real novelist and not a sociologist. (I think him fine, however, as a sociologist).

After these older men who are fixed securely in their places (and therefore excellent targets for the younger critics) we come to the middle-brow novelists. Here I might say a great deal if I liked—for I am one of them myself and really know a lot about them. But I won't.

Two or three years before the War there was a sudden outbreak of interesting young novelists—Compton Mackenzie, D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Forster, Frank Swinnerton, J. D. Beresford, myself (if you won't think it conceited of me to say that I was interesting twenty-five years ago) and one or two now forgotten—W. L. George and Gilbert Cannan. It was rather an astonishing, sudden phenomenon. All these young men were accused of writing alike. That was untrue. Only two of them had genius—Lawrence and Forster. Lawrence is dead and Forster, for some reason known to himself, has ceased to write novels.

Of the others I have chosen Francis Brett-Young for one of my twelve. He is now a popular novelist but is still, I think, not granted the critical appreciation that is his due. He is a poet in all his novels. Since his finest novel, *Portrait of Clare*, he has introduced a note of melodrama into his books which has made him more popular but less real I think. It is generally agreed, I find, that, with the exception of *Clare*, his best work is found among his earlier books and so I have chosen *Black Diamond*, a very fine novel indeed. To these I have added J. B. Priestley, who is also a middle-brow. You have, I know, read *The Good Companions*, but *Angel Pavement* is a better novel and is, in my opinion, a grand, creative piece of work.

And so we come to the so-called highbrows, Virginia Woolf and Aldous Huxley. I should just say a word here about Somerset Maugham, who belongs to no particular school but whose novel *Of Human Bondage* cannot possibly be excluded. This is a bitter, truthful, painful work. But read it. As time passes it looms ever larger and stands quite by itself. You will never forget it.

As to the highbrows—these are generally considered to be the leaders: D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Forster, James Joyce, Virginia Woolf and Aldous Huxley—as you look at them you will, I'm sure, find their difficulties disappear. I should perhaps have included Joyce's colossal work *Ulysses* in my twelve, but I deliberately did not because I frankly do not know whether it is a novel or no. I do not know what it is. I am only sure that there are in it passages of great beauty and many pages of infinite boredom. But of the others only Virginia Woolf can truly be considered difficult and she becomes clear as day once you have mastered her method. She tells her story and creates her character by forming a pattern of glittering particles, all gathered as it seems by a chance but combining at last into lovely and moving pictures. You have to trust her detail—credit her with knowing what she is about—refuse to be disturbed by her seeming inconsequence. For myself, she is my favourite living novelist, but I cannot honestly see that either she or Aldous Huxley have brought anything very new into the English novel. Before Virginia Woolf there was Sterne, before Huxley, Peacock. Even the frankness of the modern English novelist was an old story in the eighteenth century.

However, I'm starting all kinds of hares that I've neither time nor space to chase.

I only say—read these twelve novels and you will see that the English novel has plenty of life in it still. I think that the modern critic worries far too much about form and technique. Priestley in *Angel Pavement*, Brett Young in *Black Diamond* create atmosphere and character quite as truthfully and permanently as do the novelists with the so-called modern technique.

But the thing to do I'm sure is to let every novelist go his or her own way. If they can do the trick for you then they are good novelists. And if they can do the trick for enough other people with good taste and a true love of literature then they probably *are* good novelists.

Well, Tom, I've given you the names of twenty-four novels in these three letters—all, as I believe, good novels and worth a wise man's attention. You tell me you are a wise man—so go ahead!

Yours affectionately, HUGH.

THE SERVICE OF THE SICK AND DISABLED

Last Spring the London Area organised an excellent series of evening talks on TRAINING FOR SERVICE, in which they were able "to bring the expert to the group" with good effect. Full reports of all these talks are, unfortunately, not available, but the following records one evening in the series. It seems worth while to pass on to a wider circle of the membership the information contained in it. The speakers were Dr. TOUSSAINT, Medical Officer of Health for Bermondsey (Part I—a précis of his talk), and Miss L. C. MARX, the Lady Almoner of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption (Part II—report almost verbatim).

I.—State Medical Services

THE tendency in our country is for enterprise to be started by voluntary effort and afterwards adopted by the State. So pronounced, indeed, has this tendency been that in 1929-30 the total expenditure of Local Authorities in England and Wales on medical services was £17,300,000. Though voluntary effort will always be needed as a supplement to State services and for starting new enterprise, we must hope that the State will not be forced by the cry for economy to cast off any of the burdens that it has already shouldered, whatever the cost may be, for the State alone can ensure the co-ordination of different medical services and of medical services in general with other services such as educational services.

The aim of the State is prevention of disease, and the realisation of that aim is measurable not only by the average duration of life but also by the average quality of life. This aim received its first important recognition in the Public Health Act of 1895, the result of long efforts by those who were appalled by the conditions resulting from the industrial revolution. It is this Act that we must thank for the Local Sanitary Authorities who, through their Medical Officer of Health, are empowered to deal with the isolation of infectious cases, overcrowded houses, sanitary conditions and whatever affects the health of their area.

The following is a brief summary of the medical services provided by the State:

1. *Maternity and Infant Welfare*: Every birth in the country must be notified to the Medical Officer of Health in the area, and every area has clinics staffed by doctors, qualified nurses and visitors who visit mothers to advise them on the care of children. Since one mother in every 250 still dies in child-birth, a very important part of the clinic's work is ante-natal care, and the local council provides midwives who by law are under its control, and sometimes extra milk, also maternity hospitals and facilities for convalescence. The clinics also have the medical care of children up to the age of five and are establishing in many places day nurseries and nursery schools where children can spend the day-time under medical supervision.

2. *Child Welfare*: The Education Acts compel every child between the ages of five and fourteen to attend a public elementary school except when the parents supply other adequate education or in the case of sick or crippled children for whom special facilities are provided. Every child, however healthy, is medically examined on entering the school, again at the age of eight, and again on leaving school. Where necessary the examination is more frequent and the educational authority has to secure proper treatment for defective children, including school nurses whose

duty it is to exercise care over children who have undergone treatment. Additional meals or milk are provided in the schools for debilitated children. Besides school-nurses there exist voluntary care-committees who see that the school doctor's orders are carried out in the children's homes. By this system the medical record of the child up to the age of five is continued by the school authorities so that when he or she leaves school to begin earning, much relevant information is passed on to the factory inspector or employer.

3. *Early Adolescence*: "Education" lasts till the age of fourteen. National Health Insurance only begins at the age of sixteen. Here is the most serious gap in the State services and consequently the greatest need for voluntary effort of all kinds from the provision of opportunity for the adolescent to keep fit, to the facilities offered by "voluntary" hospitals.

4. *From 16 to 65*: Every manual worker and also every mental worker with a salary of below £250 a year must be insured under the National Health and Pensions schemes. In return for contributions partly paid by the employer and partly deducted from the employee's wages, the employee receives free medical attendance and treatment, and Sickness Benefit when ill. After 26 weeks of continuous illness the allowance is reduced and called Disablement Benefit. An insured woman or the wife of an insured man is entitled on confinement to a payment of 40/-, called Maternity Benefit, and there are other benefits such as provision for optical or dental treatment which are not universal. At the death of an insured man, his widow is entitled to a pension of 10/- a week, 5/- for the first child and 3/- for every other child under fourteen.

The most recent advance of the State was the Local Government Act of 1929 by which anyone, no matter who he is, can, without being stigmatised as a pauper, receive treatment at State hospitals and institutions.

5. *For the Destitute*: The Public Assistance Committee provides medical treatment, extra nourishment and outdoor relief for the destitute and non-insured, on application to the local Relieving Officer.

The above summary is by no means exhaustive, but further information about the State Medical Services can be found in "The Public Social Services," obtainable from the National Council of Social Service, 26, Bedford Square, W.C.1, price 2s.

II.—The Part of the Voluntary Worker

Miss Marx said: "After all you have heard now about the State medical services, I expect you are rather wondering what I am here for, for there does not seem to be much room for the voluntary side at all in the work for the sick and disabled; but I am here to tell you that it still exists and that I hope it will go on existing. I think its chief claim for being allowed to go on is that it does offer, or tries to offer, a personal side. I think Dr. Toussaint will agree with me that sometimes, though not always, *the personal side*, which is always needed, is more difficult to obtain in State work than in voluntary work. I think perhaps some of the best work for individuals is done where the voluntary worker co-operates with the State scheme, as in the very wonderful and unique scheme of Children's Care

Committees which the London County Council has evolved. I think that perhaps we sometimes forget that it is one of the peculiarities of the British genius that most of its experiments in social betterment have been tried out on a voluntary basis. Practically everything that Dr. Toussaint has told you about has been evolved in this way. In recent years the State has taken over, improved and amplified many of them. I need only instance Hospitals, Health Insurance, Child Welfare Centres, and the care of the Tuberculous, the Blind, Mentally Defective, etc. It was much more difficult in the old days to be a pioneer in social betterment than it is to-day. We all expect work to be done for social betterment to-day and take it as a matter of course, but in the old times we did not. I remember the struggles we had with things like Maternity and Child Welfare, to gain for them a footing among the population as a whole. They are now taken for granted as a part of the service of the State, but I can remember quite well the tremendous opposition there was in certain quarters, even to the National Health Insurance Acts. I do think we should remember that all these things were started on a voluntary basis.

"As regards *voluntary hospitals*—they still exist, and I feel there is still need for them in the country. For the moment they are the main centres for teaching and educating the medical profession. Voluntary hospitals are extremely interesting if one has time to study them. They started originally in connection with the monasteries for feeding and tending the sick, and later on they became places where sick people were put when their own people could not, or would not, look after them. The idea of the hospital as a place for making sick people better, especially the mentally sick, is a comparatively new one. They are becoming every day more and more centres of special treatment, which is obtainable now in all hospitals, whether voluntary or State.

"*The work of Almoners* as they exist to-day, however, is what I was told to talk to you about to-night. They were started in 1895 at the Royal Free Hospital, because it was felt that much of the skill of the doctors and surgeons which was available was wasted, since a great many of the patients had neither the means nor the intelligence to carry out the doctor's instructions and do their share in the work of recovery. So a lady was appointed, chiefly to help the patients to carry out the doctor's instructions and to see that what the doctor ordered them was provided in one way or another. There is the story about the patient who was ordered to live on champagne and oysters—his wife explained that they couldn't afford it so she gave him beer and whelks as the nearest she could get.

"An Almoner has been described as an interpreter, and this in a two-fold sense:

- (1) She interprets the patient and his background to the doctor.
- (2) She translates the doctor's recommendations into terms of everyday life for the patient and links his needs with the agencies existing for their satisfaction.

"Her knowledge of the patient's home environment will again and again help to clear up some obscure medical point—for both we and the patients have to avoid taking the catastrophic rather than the historic view of disease. An instance comes

to my mind of a child attending hospital for chorea, which refused to yield to treatment. She came from an excellent home where she was the only child. Her mother seemed unusually sensible. The doctor was puzzled until on one of our visits we found the father—usually out at work—at home. Immediately it was realised by the visitor that father and mother didn't get on. The child, who was devotedly attached to both, lived in a constant state of emotional strain. This was explained to the doctor, whose prescription was changed from drugs to convalescence. While she was away the Almoner had several frank talks with the parents and got them to realise the bad effect their bickerings were having on Margaret. Margaret lost her chorea while she was away and has grown into a very happy and pretty child. This is the kind of way that social work can help the doctor.

"On the other hand, the Almoner has to interpret to the patients the physicians' or surgeons' recommendations and to see that they can be carried out. For instance, a recommendation often made in hospital is 'rest.' What can this mean to the wage earner of the family or a mother of young children? In this type of case the Almoner's job is to see the patient on discharge, knowing the home circumstances, and to discuss with him or her the possibilities of the 'rest' order being carried out. It may necessitate, in the case of the man, financial help for a further few weeks, correspondence with his employer about keeping his job open, or changing it for something less strenuous, or sending him to a Convalescent Home. Or, again, it may mean making the man realise that of the 168 hours in the week, less than one-third are spent at work and that on the wise use of the remaining two-thirds his future health largely depends.

"For the mother of a family it may be possible to arrange for children to have their midday meal at school, or for a friend or neighbour to go in and help, or, best of all, to delay her return home by arranging a period of convalescent treatment. Sitting to peel potatoes, putting her feet up when sitting, getting the husband or children to carry up coals and water before going to work—things like these will help.

"There is the same need for practical advice in regard to diets; here we owe a great deal to the Invalid Kitchen of London, and one's only regret is that they do not exist in every Borough. Some modern hospitals have a staff of dieticians, who spend their whole time in working out diets for the different diseases. When hospitals have no dieticians this work falls mainly on the Almoners. Sometimes this means the re-organisation of the life of the patient. There was a railway Guard who suffered from diabetes, and as you know, this means that a very careful diet must be kept to. As a railway Guard he was never certain where he would be for his meals, so the Almoner wrote to the Railway Company and they gave him a job as Stationmaster at a small station where he could live at home and his wife could cook him the proper meals. We much appreciate the helpful response we get from employers. I know the general idea is that they are supposed to have no souls and no hearts, but we find in our experience that, as a whole, they are often very good and as a rule will help a man to carry out his doctor's orders if possible.

"With regard to children, I will only touch here on the great importance of seeing that instruments ordered by hospital surgeons are properly put on and regu-

larly worn; here, again, we rely on visitors from the Invalid Children's Aid Association, the Shaftesbury Society, and many others.

"Then there are those *cancer cases*—for whom medicine and surgery can do no more. They are limited to a life of dwindling activity and in some cases increasing discomfort. A few hospitals have visitors of their own for these cases, but most Almoners depend on voluntary helpers. Perhaps there is no class of case in which a steadily regular visitor can do more or be more truly appreciated.

"Again, there are the *tuberculous*, where the length of treatment usually means that savings are swallowed up and help has to be obtained from ex-servicemen's funds, if the patient served in the late War, or other voluntary agencies, or Public Assistance Committees. If the patient is to derive the maximum benefit from his treatment his mind must be kept free from worry, the transition period from the sheltered sanatorium life to everyday surroundings must be watched over and an eye kept on his health for some years.

"*Special Cases:* Last, but not least, I come to a very large class of cases in which the doctor probably makes no diagnosis and whose only prescription is 'Will the Lady Almoner kindly see?'

"An old lady of nearly seventy came to hospital one day complaining of sleeplessness. I had a talk with her and found that some years ago her husband and she had come to London from the country. The man had died and she had been left alone. She had known no one and had 'kept herself to herself' so successfully that she had no friends and no contact with her neighbours. This had grown on her to such an extent that in the end she could not even bring herself to go to church, although she had loved doing it. We wrote to the Vicar of her church and he went to see her and used to meet her at the church door and take her in until she was less shy and she got on perfectly well. By these means she recovered her health.

"A boy was sent to hospital to see a nerve specialist because he was unable to concentrate on his work. The trouble was that he was much too self-conscious and self-centred. He had done well at his work and was proud of it but he had rather grown away from boys of his own age. He was advised to join a Rowing Club, as he had been interested in this form of sport, and he did so, and is now better. Another boy was morbidly self-conscious (there are many boys of 18 to 22 who are very self-conscious); he was referred to Toc H. I don't know what they did for him but some years later he came back and told the Almoner that he was now a member of Toc H and would like to help somebody else as they had helped him.

"*How Toc H can help:* And how much of this kind of help is needed—the 'standing by' which is so difficult to obtain, which goes on year in, year out, with no spectacular climax and result, but which just makes all the difference to that large and apparently increasing class of man and woman which is just incapable of coping with those times of stress and strain which come to all of us. A friendly hand can just save a large proportion of these from feeding hospitals, asylums

and prisons. It is in these cases especially that we Almoners are coming more and more to call upon and to rely upon the members of Toc H and I should like to take this opportunity in the name of all Almoners to say 'thank you.'

" You will find Almoners at the hospitals are always willing to answer questions. It is a help to both patient and hospital if you will tell anyone entering hospital to take a letter from his or her own doctor and find out beforehand the right time to attend. There has been a great outcry just lately about the time patients are kept waiting in the Out-Patients' Departments. Patients have been arriving too late for the morning session and too early for the afternoon session and so they have had to wait about. If they had only found out beforehand what was the proper time to arrive this would have been saved.

" It will be self-evident from what I have said that Almoners are dependent, more than any other social workers, on the help of others if their work is to be of value and if they are to achieve success in their endeavours to make life for those for whom they work less 'short, sharp, brutish and nasty.'

" Almoners know by experience how much you can help, for we all feel the crying need of what the Prince of Wales described as the '*good neighbour*' who 'stands by,' who has imagination and knowledge for use at the right moment.

" We have somewhat lost the personal touch in London because it is so big, but it still exists in small country places. In all social work the need for it is felt and I feel convinced that when all the agencies I have mentioned have been taken over by the State, the need will still be there, perhaps even to a greater degree than now.

" I think I need hardly emphasise in a gathering like this the need of respect for a man's personality, integrity, or soul—call it what we will—which will underlie all our endeavours at physical betterment.

" I expect all of you have read that really wonderful book *A Tenement in Soho*, by George Thomas (Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.). It illustrates better than any words of mine the need and the value of faithful personal service which doesn't weary and which acts as a tonic and not as a crutch."

See further "Voluntary Social Services" (National Council of Social Service, 26, Bedford Square, W.C.1, price 2s.), the companion to "Public Social Services," referred to at the end of Part I. No Jobmaster should be without either.

A VOTE OF THANKS

MY DEAR EDITOR,

Leaving this old England for my home country, Australia, makes me conscious of many things, and I would like to express, if you will let me, through the medium of the JOURNAL, my very sincere appreciation of the many kindnesses showered on me by members of Toc H during my visit.

From the administrative chiefs downwards I have received nothing but help, consideration, understanding and fellowship.

The time has been made memorable by happy associations, spiritual refreshment, new vision and inspiration of the quality and character of the men with whom I have worked. To them I offer my gratitude and my farewell. My last thought is that God works through all, and this is abundantly clear in the life of Toc H England.

Yours ever,
VAL DOULTREE.
Toc H, New South Wales.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

Henry Winter Sheppard

Two notes by friends of "Shep," who passed over on February 1, appeared in last month's JOURNAL. Tubby, who was his cousin, was then travelling in West Africa: on his return he contributes the following note.

FROM my childhood up, I had heard tell of him. When I went down, a sickly and unprepossessing boy, to spend short holidays at Tunbridge Wells, his sisters—latterly not unknown to Toc H in the neighbourhood—both put me up, and put up with me. Young cousins then abounded in our family; and the sisters at Tunbridge Wells issued an open invitation to any of our tribe to park their schoolboys there during their parents' absence. The Birdwood boy was often there, whose "people" were in India. I shared a room with him, and nearly gave him blood-poisoning one morning by trying, at his request, to scrape the freckles off him with a pocket-knife. I thought of this when he was killed in the Retreat from Mons; his brother joined him sometime in '15.

As boys, we heard a lot of Cousin Henry, then a most learned Hebraist of Trinity College, Cambridge. But I had never seen him. I pictured someone prim, precise, pedantic, pedagogic. When I went to the war, I was still ignorant of his real character.

In 1920, I found London busy but very lonely. The death of Cecil Rushton, my oldest friend and most familiar humorist, impoverished me. I missed him every day. There was only one junior cousin left; and this was the Hebraist's son, then studying law in London. He came right in, and brought his father with him into the first attempts at Toc H in Cambridge. Soon I met 'Cousin Harry.' I found a whimsical philosopher, who lived in four dimensions: Talmudic lore, a crowd of Cambridge 'heretics,' a passion for benevolence, and an unabashed discipleship. He shamed me by absurd humilities, and never pressed for time except to tell me not to break down in health, as he himself had done too frequently.

His Cambridge men were an unbleached miscellany of Blues who wanted to do good by stealth, avoiding classification among the demurely righteous. The 'Gang,' as they were called—did he invent the phrase?—helped Toc H here and there. A few linked up with it. The rest, observing its religious character, scented a padre's dodge—which is what Toc H was, before the days of Jobmasters and Pilots. In those days, now remote, the he-man Blue was perhaps nearer God than any one admitted. The fashion has now changed; and personal proximity to God is a claim men now think it right to make. It always makes me shiver. The one fact which does good is that God's grace abounds. Harry Sheppard was gentleness and patience and good humour with the whole Gang, who therefore trusted him with many private troubles. No one could call him wise with worldly wisdom; but he was a good listener, as they found, and stood in with that tag from Cicero which says, "I am a man myself. Nothing about men is below my interest."

When Cousin Harry left Cambridge for the British Museum, he joined Toc H as a General Member and often visited Chelsea, then being moulded by the deft touch of Herbert Fleming. In this small crowd and others whom he made friends with—a job he understood—Henry Sheppard served with much self-abasement. He sent me letters now and then, and even books of photographs. He made friends with poor men, esteeming it a favour on their part; so he went on. I very seldom saw him; but twice a year I

looked—and never looked in vain—to see him at the Communion rails of All Hallows, alongside men who put aside their doubts to come with him on All Saints' Day and at Ascension.

In short—and he would be amazed to have a page of the JOURNAL—Cousin Harry was in Toc H to be met with like Mr. Honest:

“ . . . whom you found
With his white hairs, treading the Pilgrim's ground.
Yea, tell them how plain-hearted this man was,
How after his good Lord he bare his cross.”

He had a cross to bear. He carried it with quietude.

I was in Kano when I heard that he was taken; and that his ashes were to rest beneath All Hallows' Altar, amid that growing gathering of true friends who in their death are not to be divided.

P. B. C.

Percy Ridgwell : Cambridge Branch

Cambridge Toc H lost on February 24 the most wonderful example of really gallant and high-hearted happiness in PERCY RIDGWELL, who had been totally blind all his life. Though he was always in darkness, nothing could prevent his light from shining out clearly through his infectious cheerfulness at all times and his childlike eagerness to do any job where a piano was concerned, even after a long day's tramping round tuning them. That he spent some of his spare time in reading to other blind folk should give us food for thought and one among many reasons for being grateful in the remembrance of this most worthy and humble member of Toc H.

Glen Frater : Llantwit Vardre Group

GLEN, who passed over at the early age of 23 on March 7, was one of the most popular boys in the village. He was the 'live wire' of the Group, a most willing and conscientious worker, whose cheerful acceptance of all jobs gained everyone's respect.

James Henry Grainger : Chairman of Edgbaston Group

Just a week after he had been working on the Group's new Headquarters, which he had done so much to establish, JIM GRAINGER was called away. Although quite a young man he was one of the first Toc H workers in Birmingham, and a Foundation Member of the Edgbaston Group. His keen and competent devotion to many social interests made him universally admired, whilst his charm of manner and quiet humour made everyone desire his company. He was an inspiring leader and a splendid friend.

George Robinson : Norwich Branch

The passing of GEORGE ROBINSON, at the age of 34, in January, after ten days' illness, leaves many good causes in Norwich the poorer for his loss. He gave his spare time freely to the St. Mary's Baptist Sunday School as a teacher, the First Day School, the Junior City Football League (as Secretary for eight years), and the County Football Referees' Association, of which he was serving a second term as Chairman at the time of his death. He also served a term as Chapel Warden for Norwich Branch of Toc H. Coming from a very poor home and employed as a factory hand, he worked his way up to positions of responsibility in a way which was an example to others.

Mrs. Stenning : Leatherhead

On Epiphany, 1933, the mother of Bernard Stenning died. Bernard, first Scout District Secretary for East Surrey, was a true lover of the Old House in Poperinghe and a tall, welcome figure there: a piece of furniture in the Upper Room bears his name. After he was killed in Ridge Wood, Tubby received four envelopes a year for sixteen years containing gifts of money from Bernard's mother. When he called on her he found that these gifts meant a steady sacrifice for the cause of Toc H.

Frank Ellis East : High Wycombe Group

Sympathy goes out to the whole Riverside membership of Toc H in Thames Valley in the loss of one of their keenest members, FRANK EAST, Secretary of High Wycombe, who passed over on Sunday, March 12, at the age of 36 years. It was a fitting tribute to one who valued friendship that over 350 of his own fellow-workmen attended his funeral, in spite of incessant rain.

TOC H "SEVEN-A-SIDE" RUGGER TOURNAMENT

SOME 250 stalwart souls braved the elements and ventured out to the wilds of Hertfordshire on Saturday, March 18. The occasion was the annual Toc H "Seven-a-Side" Rugger Tournament between Branches and Groups—the seventh of its ilk and one of the most enjoyable. The Provinces had made a bold bid for the honours by entering teams from Oxford, Northampton, Nottingham, Leicester and Leeds, although unfortunately the latter two Branches had to 'scratch' for various reasons. There were some fine games in each round and the Marks were severely challenged on several occasions. TOWER HILL were narrowly beaten by MARK II after extra time, and NORTHAMPTON, after putting it across OXFORD and NOTTINGHAM, scored a good win against PUTNEY (Mark XX), thus entering the Final. In the other semi-final, MARK II and MARK VII, who had previously beaten KENNINGTON (Mark XIII), had a gruelling game, the latter winning by two tries to one after extra time. And so we were to be treated to a Provincio-London Final. Considering the fact that the NORTHAMPTON team had never played this odd "Seven-a-Side" game before and that they had motored down in the afternoon, theirs was a creditable performance against MARK VII, who, however, ran out the winners by 30 points to 3, a record score in this tournament. Throughout the standard of play was high.

MULTUM IN PARVO

Heartiest congratulations from Toc H The World to PAT LEONARD (Administrative Padre) and KATHLEEN KNIGHTS SMITH (Head of St. Mildred's Settlement House, Isle of Dogs) on their engagement—announced to a delighted H.Q. on March 20. Three days later PAT went into hospital for an operation on his eyes, which was performed very successfully: he expects to be in hospital a fortnight, and his many friends will remember him there and look forward to his return.

Major MALCOLM SPEIR, Chairman of the Northern Irish Executive (late of Edinburgh Branch) has been appointed a Vice-President

of the Association until March, 1935. As chief representative of the L.M.S. Railway in Northern Ireland his work during the present railway dispute in Ireland has been extremely onerous and responsible.

OVERSEAS GROUPS (except in Australia), which intend to apply for PROMOTION TO BRANCH STATUS this year, are asked to note that their applications should be made in May or June. Provincial and Area EXECUTIVES OVERSEAS are asked to note that all recommendations for promotion or confirmation should reach British Headquarters not later than August 31.

ON THE AIR

For every thousand Toc H members who boast a wireless receiving set there is not one, it is safe to say, who has a licence as an amateur transmitter. The present article by A. C. EDWARDS ("Sparks"), of Birmingham, reveals some of the fascination and the importance of this very skilled branch of the new science of wireless.

UBBY, speaking at the Festival in Birmingham last December, said that, in addition to Toc H, one of the most potent factors in the world to-day was Wireless. This remark caused one of his hearers to think that some other chaps might like to know something of his particular branch of the science of 'radio.' The "stinks" master at school was really to blame for the whole business. One day during the year 1920, or maybe 1921, he happened to be playing about with a pair of headphones which he connected to the gas-main and a water-pipe. A boy standing near was told to don the 'phones, which he did with an obvious swelling of pride! All he heard was a faint buzzing noise, reputed to be the local power station. But this was enough—the seed had been sown. This misguided youth rapidly developed into an intense wireless fanatic, and as the years passed, so did the mania grow.

Of course, a set had to be built and the next few months were spent in scrounging funds and in concocting notes to be forwarded duly to the Post Office in an endeavour to persuade the authorities to grant him the receiving licence—no easy matter in the early days of wireless. Eventually, however, it arrived, nicely sealed, and then the fun began! The receiver was made to work after many hours of painful experiment and soon it began to bring in a few very weak signals. But what signals they were! The finest broadcast programme of to-day cannot hold a candle to the efforts of the early amateurs—if excitement is anything to judge by. Naturally, things did not stop at this point. Soon our young friend heard local amateurs talking to each other, sending out gramophone records, and, on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion the Lord Mayor made an appeal for funds for a hospital—probably the first public appeal ever made over the "air" in Great Britain.

The next step obviously was to start transmitting himself and so with gallant and high-hearted happiness (but very little knowledge) he set out to convince the powers that he was a suitable person to own and operate an amateur transmitter. Many weary months followed, but in the end the oracle was worked and the licence arrived. The Morse code had to be mastered and the rule was "to send and receive at a speed of not less than 12 words per minute." Then the day of days—"on the air" we went!

Since then many developments have taken place. Amateurs have been cleared off the ordinary broadcast wavelengths and although they can occasionally be heard using telephony on a wavelength of approximately 170 metres, the majority of them prefer to work on what are known as the "short waves"—being in actual practice 10, 20, 40 and 80 metres.

Our friend, now grown into a young man, spent most of his time working on the 20- and 40-metre wavelengths and through the medium of his transmitter has



1. The Author (G.6XJ) working his station in 1930.
2. The Author in the Welsh mountains talking, on a portable set, to Newcastle-on-Tyne.
3. The American Doctor (W8CPC)—see Contact No. 3 on p. 158.
4. Four German "hams"—left to right: D4LVH, DE1498, D4WPH, and D4LXH (who is Contact 4 on p. 158).

PLATE XVI.

" Q.S.L." CARDS.



A selection of "Q.S.L." cards from "hams" with whom Sparks has been in touch. Their places of origin (reading from top left) are Khartoum, (R.A.F.), Havana, Brazil, Clifton (U.S.A.), France, Denmark, San Paulo (Brazil), Russia, Munich, Hong Kong, Durban (Natal), Brussels, Buffalo (U.S.A.), Azores, Santiago (Chile).

made contact with other amateurs in all continents. Altogether, about 80 different countries have been worked and many hundreds of individual amateur stations. For working with stations situated in the more distant parts of the world such as Australia, India, North and South America, etc., the 20-metre band is usually used and for "local" countries in Europe the wave is changed to 40 metres. This does not always apply but can be taken as a fair guide. Technical and atmospherical considerations must be borne in mind, but they are beyond the scope of this article.

A question naturally arising to the lips of the reader will be "But how do you get over the language difficulty?" The answer is that the radio amateurs throughout the entire world have agreed upon a jargon of their own which is understood by all. The main element is English and this is augmented with a host of weird symbols, all guaranteed to daze the "man in the street." This is known as '*ham*' language—the amateur name for 'amateur' being '*ham*.' To give a few interesting examples: TKS (*thanks*), OM (*old man*), OB (*old boy*), WX (*weather*), SIGS (*signals*), FB (*jolly fine*), YL (*young lady*)—these can be readily understood when it is considered how 'Toc H' was produced by signallers from '*TALBOT HOUSE*'.

The happy idea of the '*ham*' language is to enable the '*hams*' to cover as much ground as possible during conversations and at the same time to avoid the necessity of spelling out each word letter by letter. The fact that the abbreviations are international makes it fairly simple to carry on conversations with other amateurs, irrespective of their nationality. Remember that morse code is generally used: word of mouth (telephony) presents greater difficulties, through obvious limitations.

When a contact is made it is an understood point of amateur etiquette to send a written confirmation by what is called a '*QSL*' card. There are a wonderful variety of these cards in circulation, each amateur designing his own and making them as original as he can (see Plate XVI.) They make excellent wall-paper! (see Plate XV). Some cards come through the ordinary post (interesting for stamp collectors) and others are sent *via* the Radio Society of Great Britain, which acts as a clearing house for the exchange of '*QSL's*'.

When an amateur has held two-way communication with all six continents he becomes a member of the '*WAC*' Club and is duly presented with an elaborate certificate of membership. '*WAC*' serves to indicate '*Worked All Continents*', and when stations have been worked throughout the British Empire he is thus entitled to the '*WBE*' Certificate '*Worked British Empire*'.

Each year amateurs through the Empire co-operate in a Loyal Relay and send Birthday Greetings to the Prince, who is Patron of the Radio Society of Great Britain. Private stations, of course, are used for this purpose, and there is always great keenness for the honour of handling this message.

In addition to being an extremely fascinating hobby, amateur radio is the medium by which very many international friendships are cemented. There is the Spirit of Amateur Radio just the same as the "Spirit" in Toc H. Fellowship plays a leading part, despite the fact that there is little chance of ever seeing or meeting in the flesh the man "at the other end." We have something more than a hobby.

We have undertaken a great responsibility and have at our finger-tips an almost unlimited power with which to form and strengthen the bonds of international friendship and goodwill. The '*ham*' knows no creed or class, politics or colour bar. Every amateur knows that all over the world he has a host of friends, known and unknown, and the common bond is amateur radio. To the '*ham*' the other man's colour or creed or school makes not the slightest difference. Be he Christian or Buddhist, Hindu or Moslem, rich or poor, it is of no consequence. He is *Old Man* just the same.

There is the personal element in all this, whereas ordinary broadcasting has natural limitations in this direction. Let me give a few instances of experiences with my own station to show how amateur radio can help the world along:—

Contact No. 1: A Belgian student living at Mons. We made contact 'on the air,' and very soon he came over the water to England and was in Birmingham on a visit! I know I am very welcome when I visit Belgium at the home of Maurice M —or, to give him his radio name, ON4CK. The 'ON' indicates his country (Belgium) and the '4CK' are the letters allocated him by his own Post Office.

Contact No. 2: A chap living in Montevideo, South America. He happens to live near the son of my old Spanish master and has on several occasions taken personal messages and handed them over (birthday greetings, etc.). When first I sent a message to the son, his father in Birmingham could hardly believe it and cabled for confirmation—which highly delighted him when it arrived.

Contact No. 3: An American doctor in New York. I had a regular schedule with him every Thursday night at 8 o'clock and we had some wonderful chats and became great pals.

Contact No. 4: And only this morning I made wireless contact with a young German living in Chemnitz. I have been in correspondence with him for a number of weeks and have sent him quite a bit of Toc H literature, including the photographs and write-ups of the Festival and the Prince. By correspondence I had arranged to call him at 8 a.m. to-day, and sure enough he was there waiting. We talked until 10 o'clock and have arranged a further schedule for next Sunday at the same time. I am trying to help him with his English, and if you could see some of his recent letters to me you would have some idea of the friendship I have with Erich F*

There is, then, a brotherhood among Radio Amateurs unlike any other brotherhood which exists. It is doing as much to promote goodwill and international fellowship as any other association in the world, owing mainly to the fact that the bulk of members are young and brimful of push and energy. When we comprehend that the youth of to-day is the man of to-morrow, we can understand the immense importance of this work and its value for the bonding of mankind.

'SPARKS.'

* With the present article 'Sparks' sent two long and delightful letters from this correspondent. A paragraph from one will give a good idea of the '*ham*' language: "As you know I have got your message via D4RDP and D4LVH vy ok and was very glad indeed . . . Many thanks for the QSO's we have had arranged on 7 MC. Your sigs are always coming over excellently QRK v 8/7 tec nf 6 x tal but about 09.30 GMT. QRM commence and QSA is often 5-7. Hi! The last questionable Sunday I waited for you on 08.00 GMT. on 7 MC but couldn't hear you. 10 minutes past and somebody rings the bell and my mother gives me a letter from you. At this moment I have been informed about your silence. Hi! You have caught the post very f6 so that this letter has reached me on Sunday morning. It was very good of you to write me. Yes, we shall have our next meeting on air when the BERU tests are over. With regard to Toc H I should be very delighted to get some Toc H literature printed in German." (*Literature supplied.—ED.*)

Amateur Radio and World Peace

'Sparks' conviction that the work of the '*hams*' can be a force for international understanding receives strong support in the December number of *D.X.*, the magazine of the Hong Kong Amateur Radio transmitting Society, just received. The editorial article says: "Have you ever heard of the World Peace Radio Association? An international association with an active representative Branch in each country in the world. Its means of communication is radio, and its active radio stations are operated by amateurs who firmly believe that world peace can only be established by the individuals of countries taking an interest in each other. . . An annual day upon which pledges of friendship and the continued desire for peace on earth are flashed across the arch of Heaven from Argentine to Spain, from Port Talbot to Chefoo, and from and to every country where amateur radio men burn the midnight oil. . . The nucleus of the whole structure is that if John wants to tell Carl, or Hiram K., or Juan how much he likes them and how much he admires their Lager Beer, Talking Pictures or Old Spanish Customs, he has some ready means of so telling them. When slavery was finally conquered it was the triumph of a little band who, practically speaking, 'went and did the thing,' while governments were busily engaged with less important subjects. The beginning of world peace in its most practical form is the awakening of the individual to the fact that war is brought about, or allowed to ensue, by individual carelessness in showing signs of improvement, and before the iron gets cold it is time that such an Association as that outlined above should be formed to carry forward the work to perfection. . . On our QSL cards we proudly display our WAC and WBE inscription which tells the world that we have conquered finite space. There is room still for the emblem of the World Radio Peace Association which will stamp us as individuals who are in the crusade against war. Such an Association is needed. Will those who are interested kindly lend us a hand?"



'Sparks' QSL card (half actual size).

A POSSIBLE PROBATIONER

THE peaceful calm of Headquarters was disturbed the other day when the regular answering of the telephone and the irregular despatching of the JOURNAL gave way to the receipt of a note borne by one who wanted an answer. The bearer was an affable little man, getting on in years but very active and bright—a bit hard-hit by present conditions and, as the member who sent him along said in his note, needing some temporary occupation. The writer went on to say that although the bearer did not appear to be as old as 65—which was true—he would in fact on November 9 be 104—which also turned out to be true! The sad part is that Toc H cannot boast of having kept him young for the first ninety years.

AFOOT WITH THE UNEMPLOYED

Among the activities of Toc H in connection with the unemployed which were included in a brief survey in the February JOURNAL (Toc H and the Unemployed) mention was made of the experiment which is the subject of the present report.

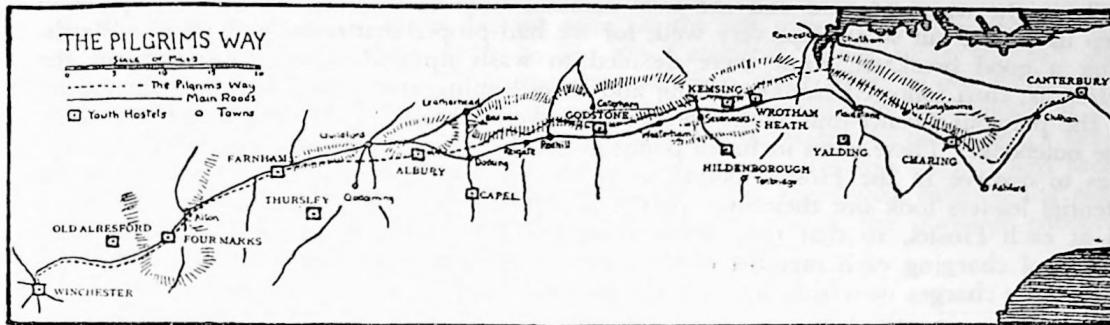
IN December, 1932, a suggestion was made through Toc H by Mr. Catchpool, the Honorary Secretary of the Youth Hostel Association, that small parties of unemployed men with experienced leaders should make use of the Hostels in the dead season without charge. Mr. Catchpool knew that the Croydon units of Toc H were helping in running the 'Toc Club' at the Croydon Occupational Centre for unemployed men in the evenings, this being an extension of their last year's activities. The Toc Club is run as a social Club which unemployed men can enter free, but are put on their honour to pay a subscription of 2d. per week should they succeed in obtaining work. It is not, therefore, exclusively for the unemployed. All the helpers of Toc H and otherwise mix in with the members and the latter meet the former without distinction as to social position, wealth, politics, religion, etc. In this atmosphere it is consequently comparatively easy to get to know the individual men and the formation of parties to go on walking tours did not therefore present much difficulty.

The general purpose behind the scheme was to carry out still further the existing policy of treating the unemployed as fellow human beings and not units of unemployment, and to help them to retain their position in the social structure by sharing the pleasures and adventures of the road; to provide a cheap but unusual holiday giving plenty of exercise and plenty of fresh air; and to ward off depression and prevent introspection by giving the opportunity of making fresh contacts with nature, the countryside, and individuals outside their normal sphere and to effect a general broadening of their outlook on life as a result of chance encounters and adventures and the showing of aspects of working life outside their own town.

In consultation with Mr. Catchpool, it was decided to use a chain of Hostels culminating at Canterbury so that the party would become in effect modern Canterbury pilgrims. This would give a definite point of great interest as the goal of the tour and would take the party through some of the most lovely parts of Kent.

Three things were obviously necessary, namely, that the men should be properly trained for the tour, that the right men should be chosen so that they could become leaders of later parties and that arrangements should be made with the Ministry of Labour and Public Assistance Committee for the suspension of the ordinary regulations for signing on and for the payment of benefit. The Ministry of Labour and the Public Assistance Committee were very sympathetic and helpful and permission was readily given provided that we informed the Croydon Employment Exchange of where we would stay each night so that a telephone or telegraph message would reach us. By the completion of a certain form by the leader of the party the payment of benefit would be secured without prejudice when the men returned. Once these arrangements were settled to the satisfaction of the men we called for volunteers from whom we picked six men likely to prove capable leaders and of being fit enough to undertake a strenuous walk, bearing in mind that the whole scheme was experimental and that we had no data to go on.

A supply of rucksacks was obtained with the help of the Youth Hostels Association, a local Rover Crew and friends, and the Toc Club advanced the money for the purchase of sheet sleeping bags. These have to be carried and used by ordinary members of the Youth Hostel Association and we accordingly fell in with their regulations. Blankets



are provided by each Hostel and do not therefore have to be carried. A charge of 4d. per sleeping bag is being made to cover the cost of cleaning after each party returns. As the Hostel accommodation would cost nothing the only charge would be that of food and it was arranged on a preliminary tour of the Hostels that this should be kept as low as possible. To lessen the cost still further a supply of cooked sausages, cheese, butter and sweetened cocoa and milk powder was purchased at a low rate from the canteen at the Occupational Centre before we started. So much for the practical details of organisation : they may be of use to other units of Toc H who contemplate similar work.

Our programme was to take a 'bus to *Warlingham* (the fares being paid by the leaders) before commencing the first day's trek to *Oaklands*, near *Hildenborough*. This place was primarily an International Students' Hostel with Youth Hostel Association facilities attached and was about 20 miles from Warlingham. On the second day our destination was *Buston Manor*, a similar Students' and Y.H.A. Hostel near *Yalding*, giving a walk of about 15 miles. On the third day we hoped to reach *Charing*, entirely a Y.H.A. place about $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles on, and finally *Canterbury*, another Y.H.A. Hostel at a distance of 14 miles. The return was to be by the same route, making a total journey of over 130 miles in eight days.

The party, which left Croydon on Tuesday, January 24, consisted of six unemployed men and two leaders, one a member of Toc H and one not. A severe frost allayed our fears of rain : at Warlingham it began to snow and we felt the full force of the bitter North East wind on the crest of Botley Hill. The unpleasant conditions were, however, made light of, and everyone was in fine fettle. Our route lay through Westerham and Brasted, and about lunch time we reached Sundridge, where we were very cordially received in a British Legion hut and drank our cocoa before a fine fire. Three-quarters-of-an-hour later we were on the road again, toiling through Riverhead and Sevenoaks. The party kept together well but were feeling the effort by the time we reached *Oaklands* at *Hildenborough*, a large house in 25 acres of grounds, whose splendid approach keyed the men up to excited expectation. After a cup of cocoa we began to examine feet and found that damage owing to unsuitable or worn shoes was fairly general. Dinner was at seven and here, as always, we made a strong point of helping to the utmost in its preparation. Clean collars and handkerchiefs were also produced and it was a very spruce-looking crew which sat down to the excellent meal. Afterwards we mixed freely in the drawing-room with the members of the family and their German guests, contributing to the musical evening or playing ping-pong : we luckily had a leading member of the Toc Club Concert Party with us, and most of our members can put up a good game of ping-pong. Looking round the happy group that night, no one could have guessed that all the party had been out of work for months and were all drawing transitional benefit.

The night was very cold and the four blankets each that we had were inadequate to keep us warm, but some slept very well, for we had proper mattresses and iron bedsteads. After a good breakfast, some were detailed to wash up and others to sweep out the bedrooms; then followed blanket-folding and shoe-cleaning and a final meeting when notes on the previous twenty-four hours' proceedings were dictated and taken down in a little blue notebook. These notes included points about the route, landmarks and turning points, rules to observe in the Hostel, points to watch about tidiness and cleanliness when the potential leaders took out their own parties and finally the cost of food. We asked for a bill at each Hostel, so that the leader, to whom the paying of bills fell, could not be accused of charging each member of the party more than the correct amount. The total of the day's charges were split up and each member paid his share to the leader.

The weather on Wednesday was perfect—brilliant sunshine with a fine nip in the air. We touched Tonbridge and inspected the famous school through the railings. We all decided straightaway to send our boys there (another note in our little blue books). Our way then ran through Golden Green to East Peckham, amongst fascinating hop-fields and quaint oast-houses, through spinneys of chestnut and ash, where hop poles were being cut and fencing poles cleft, the blue smoke from the burning twigs drifting across the road. Here a litter of pigs were nosing about and there late pruning of fruit trees was being carried out. Each and every occupation was of absorbing interest to our party and brought to light a wealth of knowledge gleaned in *past* trades—stories of life and experiences. The sun being so hot, we decided to have lunch in the open and chose a row of hopper's sheds facing the sun and acting as a break to the wind. Hereabouts we saw the nut bushes with their loads of golden catkins, quite a new sight for some of us; cherry trees with the flower buds swelling already, and truncated fruit trees with newly grafted sprigs. A hot discussion ensued about January or February lambs, while someone gave his experiences of Army life. A cheery salutation to passers-by, whether male or female, doubtless served to brighten the spirits of those addressed. And in this happy fashion we reached the beautiful village of Yalding and crossed its ancient bridge on the way to *Buxton Manor*. We were now well off the beaten track and feet were beginning to ache and packs to be outrageously heavy, but the occasion was met by our historical humorist, who had a happy knack of mixing popular bits of history with surprising results. A very hearty welcome awaited us, and the comfort of hot tea in the great kitchen in front of a blazing fire routed any gloomy thoughts. Bedding down, attention to feet, mending socks and helping with preparations for dinner followed, and it did one's heart good to see noble piles of vegetables disappear from the heavily-laden table. After dinner we talked of many things by the fire or found our way upstairs where ping-pong and unaccompanied singing occupied us until bed-time. Although the night was quite as cold we were fairly warm and slept better than the night before. In the morning we set off in good time on the 17 miles to *Charing*.

The walk was uneventful except that two of the party crocked up with bad feet and we set them off towards the 'bus route between Maidstone and Charing. The rest of us swung along the hard roads through the pleasant country in good style, arguing and recalling and commenting with all good humour. Our party began to split up, and the leaders used chalk to indicate the direction, with the result that for several days the roads were noted with a mysterious "TOC." And in this happy way we dropped down into *Charing* and found our 'bus party safely installed and preparations for a hearty meal well advanced. At this Hostel, the iron bedsteads had given way to canvas bunks, which seemed even more comfortable than beds. In addition there were about eight blankets apiece and two oilstoves going; a fine coke stove in the Common Room kept us warm and happy in the evening. Washing in the morning was a very bitter affair, a matte-

of blocks of ice, burst pipes and a searching wind, but we turned up on parade spick and span, and in great spirits, for to-day we were on the last stage of the journey and hoped to reach *Canterbury* early in order to see the Cathedral. Once more the sun shone, although the frost persisted, and what better weather could there be for walking? By now all were eager to catch the first glimpse of the Cathedral and went along at a fine pace. But instead of seeing it dominating the green countryside, we discovered it between rows of little suburban houses and factories. Canterbury has its own unemployed problem and seemed to be tackling it by providing road work. But there were many doing nothing and one could not help contrasting their pitiful apathy with the glowing cheeks and cheeriness of our ruck-sacked pilgrims.



"Waysmeet," the Youth Hostel at Canterbury.

The Canterbury Youth Hostel building dates from the early 16th century and is full of massive oak beams, an inch off one's head; after being a slum-dwelling for 200 years it was saved by a local builder and reconditioned for the Y.H.A. We got our fire going and then most of us went out to visit the Cathedral. The guide happened to be a member of Toc H and he took particular pleasure in showing everything to the party. In the evening, after another great meal, some members of the Canterbury Adult School called in by arrangement and yet another happy musical evening was spent. In the morning we did more sight-seeing, and set off about noon, with deep regret, to begin our return journey. The whole party reached *Charing* safely, but two cases of swollen ankles were reported, as well as one of a septic toe. These we treated as best we could and decided to take the main Charing-Lenham road, where the 'buses ran. The night

was frostless for the first time and the morning was sunny and warm. Perhaps the brighter conditions were responsible for the fact that no one fell out and we all reached *Buston Manor* in great spirits, for we felt that here we would receive our warmest welcome. And I think we did, for two Norwegian girls were guests and with our two Welshmen and three Tynesiders we made a very cosmopolitan party. We could all sing "Blaydon Races" in pure Newcastle dialect and although we did not claim to be able to sing the whole of "Cwm Rhondda" in Welsh, we were rapidly learning the language.

Then the weather broke. It drizzled and occasionally rained. Two of the party crocked up and went into Tonbridge by a car whose driver kindly gave them a lift. We entered *Oaklands* again in great style. There were two German lads there, as well as a German girl, and a Danish one, and about 8 o'clock four Toc H lads from Sevenoaks turned up. Our star performer had written home for music, the Danish girl sang, the Germans sang, our soloists sang, a Toc H quartet sang, we all sang. "Cwm Rhondda" and "Blaydon Races" came into it and we finished with "Auld Lang Syne." The depression and misery of the unemployed? Not a bit of it.

On the last lap we called in at the Occupational Centre in *Sevenoaks* for a bun and a cup of coffee and here witnessed the same apathy as at Canterbury. We gave them "Blaydon Races" to cheer them up, but they must have thought we were a party of Bright Young Things behaving in the usual mad way. At this place the ankles were so swollen and the toe so bad, that three of the party proceeded to *Croydon* by 'bus, while the remainder walked the whole journey.

Some of the Results

(1) We found the *cost* to work out at 9s. 6d. per person for the eight days. Out of the normal unemployment pay of 15s. 3d. per week, 7s. had to be paid to retain a man's lodgings in Croydon, leaving 8s. 3d. to last a fortnight. Some advance saving is therefore necessary in future parties and we shall insist on, say, 11s. being paid to the leader in advance. A double payment will, of course, await the man on his return when he calls on his fixed day at the Employment Exchange. Incidental expenses, such as cigarettes, fruit, etc., also have to be taken into account, but these are personal luxuries.

(2) The first day's trek was too long and means must be found of shortening it. Adequate *Physical Training* by means of evening walks is to be insisted on in the future, with an 80 per cent. attendance over a fortnight. This, besides giving an additional fortnight's healthy exercise, will remove any fears of not lasting the distance and will ensure a more contented and coherent party. It would probably be as well to ascertain the amount of musical talent in the party and to let it do a little singing together beforehand.

(3) Obviously everyone was in splendid *bodily condition* with colour in their cheeks and almost radiant health. The spirited *happiness* of every member was also self-evident and for these two things alone, the experiment was well worth while. The men will talk of it for weeks and remember it for years, and such an abiding memory of a good time must have a beneficial effect on their outlook on life.

(4) But the chief result probably lies in the fact that they will have achieved this principally *by themselves*; that they have been taken—by their own efforts, at their own expense—right out of themselves and transported into a world of values new to them, where man-made depressions are counteracted by Nature, and where fellowship and friendly neighbourliness are given without stint and without suspicion. It may be that they will realise that the capacity for overcoming apathy and depression *is* present in themselves and that they will see that it is within their power to communicate it in turn to others. The biggest task is to rouse the men to make the first effort, and we feel this can only be done by personal contact and sympathetic understanding.

K. J. W.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

Limitation of Branch Status

DEAR EDITOR,

Now that we have established our District and Area organisation where any voice from the membership may be heard, is it necessary to use the columns of the JOURNAL for such letters as that signed by G. L. Haggen in the last issue?

Realising that so many people outside Toc H read our JOURNAL, surely we don't want through that medium to give them a wrong impression of the ideals and traditions of our Movement.

The tone of the letter referred to, implies, it seems to me, just that sort of spirit which is contrary to our whole purpose and methods.

Llandaff.

R. LEWIS.

* * * *

DEAR EDITOR,

The letter of G. L. Haggen in your March issue on this subject very greatly distresses me. My concern is not with his opinion of the wisdom of the Central Executive's Resolution, or the propriety of the Central Executive rather than the Central Council initiating this change. On these points it would be amazing if all members thought alike. My concern is with the attitude of mind with which, judging from his letter, your correspondent approaches the subject. To my mind it is utterly regrettable that a member of Toc H of a number of years standing—for so I understand the meaning of his unhappy simile "the Toc H mill"—should suggest that the element of luck plays a part in the decision of a Guard of the Lamp upon a Group's application for Branch status. To suggest this is to reduce the greatest honour and responsibility which Toc H can confer to a mockery.

I cannot imagine that your correspondent speaks from personal internal experience of the deliberations of a Guard of the Lamp and can only suppose that in ignorance of facts

he is placing the worst possible construction upon some action of a Guard which has come under his notice. Any action is capable of more than one construction. To think fairly demands at least that we do not put the worst construction upon it. It is utterly regrettable, too, that a member of a number of years standing should suggest that Annual Rekindling Forms are anywhere a matter for mirth. It is, of course, obvious that if a Branch treats the Annual Rekindling with mirth the result will be mockery, but that is the Branch's fault.

Next, your correspondent describes the limitation of Branch status as a 'threat.' The same words may be a threat or a challenge. It depends upon the attitude of mind of the person to whom they are spoken. If he fears the consequences he interprets the words as a threat, but if carried away by a purpose which possesses him, he is indifferent to consequences, the words are a challenge. Why should your correspondent think so little of the spirit of Branches that he assumes they will interpret the limitation as a threat? Finally, your correspondent is of the opinion that the result of the limitation will be that in the final year Branches will "dig themselves in." I suggest that his opinion is in itself based upon fear. While it is possible that the application for renewal of Branch status by a Branch that has dug itself in in the manner suggested by your correspondent might be granted, nothing is more certain than that the application of a Branch which has "scorned the way of safety" (as understood by your correspondent) would be received with honour by every Guard of the Lamp.

Yours sincerely,

Barry.

J. B. PRICE HUGHES.

* * * * *

DEAR EDITOR,

I have read with interest Haggen's letter in the JOURNAL, but I do not see eye to eye with him on many points.

It is quite impossible for anyone to say that a Branch is a permanent unit of Toc H. If one could say so, how very easy it would be to build Toc H on a thoroughly sound basis, but the fact is, that often after a Branch receives its Lamp it seems to rest on its oars and fails to maintain the Lamp as it should, and as many a fine Group could. If the Toc H spirit counts for anything a Branch should be only too ready to take stock each year and ask itself if it really deserves to hold a Lamp. The mere fact of voluntarily offering to return a Lamp does not mean that it will be accepted by the Guard. If a Branch feels a trifle unhappy about the business, it may be that it really feels it does not deserve to hold a Lamp. A really sound Branch has nothing to fear at all.

Haggen makes certain remarks as to the element of chance which enters into a Group's application for Branch status. I am sure this element never enters into the question at all. The Guard gives most careful and thoughtful consideration to every application which comes before it, and must needs rely upon reports both written and verbal. If it is to ignore reports, on what is it to base its decision? These reports are not written by those who do not know the Groups, as, judging from the length and verbosity of some of them, the writers take no end of pain to put their case fairly and squarely.

I do not agree with Haggen when he says that Toc H depends on the enterprise shown by Branches more than anything else. There is, to my mind, far more of that Spirit of Adventure and Eagerness shown by many a Group than by many Branches or even Marks, some of whom seem to have dug themselves in and are now sitting nervously awaiting the zero hour of self-examination. Recommend me to a newly-formed Group for the high-hearted happiness which should typify Toc H. Compare many older Branches with the new Groups and then say if you still think that these Branches come up to the standard nowadays required for a Group to attain before it can get its

Lamp. It is a known fact that many of the early Branches would never have had their Lamps if they had had to attain this standard in the early years of Toc H. The fact that a Branch is granted a Lamp of Maintenance does not give it a freehold right to that Lamp, even though it may have paid for it itself. It is granted to the Branch to maintain as a fitting Symbol of Sacrifice and Service and if any Branch feels it may lose its Lamp, it should look to itself and not grouse about Headquarters' tyranny or other silly nonsense.

Toc H is growing fast, and if we are not to become a mere rabble, we must be ready to have some sort of organisation and discipline in our movement. Let us be honest with ourselves. The good Branch which pulls its weight will jump at the proposed suggestion, but the Branch which is mere empty show, will protest in vain.

Yours sincerely,

Bedford.

S. R. EVANS.

* * * *

DEAR EDITOR,

Your correspondent, G. L. Haggen, should distinguish between bureaucratic despotism and a benevolent control by the powers that be.

I am a member of a unit now applying for Branch Status after a period of five years as a Group. When the article in question was brought to the members' notice, everyone expressed complete agreement with it.

The unit would have made its application for Branch membership sooner, but for a feeling that with the attainment of the Lamp of Maintenance there might be a temptation to rest on its laurels. Ideally, of course, moral incentive should be enough, but fortunately Headquarters, realising Toc H people are only human, makes its regulations accordingly. Under the new ruling a Branch must strive continually to maintain its Lamp, so the incentive to unceasing effort is never lacking.

Your correspondent adds, "How can the members of a Guard of the Lamp or an Area

Executive acquire for themselves the knowledge of a unit which is essential if the fitness of the unit is to be rightly judged?" Surely, each District Committee has a representative on the Area Executive, invariably the Secretary, who, if he is doing his job as it should be done, has an intimate knowledge of all units in his District, which knowledge is at the service of the other members of his Executive.

As I see it, any unit given Branch status will have every reason to believe it permanent, but at stated periods such unit must give a true statement of its fitness to keep its Lamp.

We must see to it then that we do not fail.

Yours sincerely,
FRANK PARSONS,
*Hon District Secretary,
Bath and Bristol District.*

* * * *

DEAR EDITOR,

May, I as one of the steadily-becoming-older members of Toc H, cross swords with Haggan? I wonder very much what "row" he has had with his Area Executive, and does he know so little about both Area Executives and Area Guards of the Lamp as to suppose that they can be, and are, fooled by paper reports, be they never so window-dressed? And who are these high and mighty officials on the Area Executives? I will tell him—ordinary blokes like me who combine ordinary Branch membership with the job of District Pilot and a seat on the Area Executive as well. We do know our ordinary units and our ordinary men much better than he thinks, and I am convinced that an Area Executive will know much more about a given unit, from sympathetic first-hand knowledge, than the Central Council can ever hope to. So that actually in practice the new suggestion will work far better for the good of Toc H, whatever may be the ideal in theory which may be in his mind.

In the second place, those of us who have the privilege of seeing Toc H at work in the

countryside as distinct from large cities with Marks are constantly up against the problem of Group v. Branch. The Groups are so very often keener, more alive and jollier than the Branches, due largely to the fact, I think, that they are working towards some definite goal. Who was the Old Testament prophet who spoke of Judah settling on its lees? That often happens in a Branch, and there must be a thorough shake-up every so often to keep the wine sweet and up to standard. I believe that the fact of a Branch having to *maintain* a certain standard in order to retain its Lamp of *Maintenance* is the right incentive, and has nothing to do with fear, unless conscience makes a coward of some units!

As to the question of Lamps granted for three years no longer being Lamps of Maintenance, isn't that rather foolish? Does Haggan believe that Toc H will last in its present form for eternity, or what lesser span equals "Maintenance"? The difficulty we have to struggle with is that owing to Toc H being a young men's movement, it moves, and they move, so that even after three short years the membership of a Branch is often totally different at the end than at the beginning. It is far more likely to be dangerous to leave a Lamp in the hands of a Branch no longer worthy of it owing to its lowered standard, than to risk the ire of some donor of a Lamp, remembering always that the dedication of a Lamp does not logically depend on the fact of its being held by a Branch, but is so dedicated by a definite act of giving it to *God*, Who then entrusts it to our care. This principle, if I err not, has always been recognised in the case of Branches who have relinquished their Lamps under the present system.

Let us face facts, and not prejudices, think logically as well as fairly, and not be afraid of a "new Method" and a "bold experiment."

Yours hopefully,
LEN FORREER,
District Pilot, Tunbridge Wells.

* * * *

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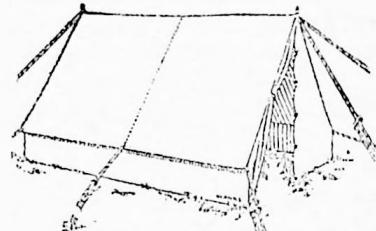
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LINES OF COMMUNICATION

Toc H in Foreign Languages

EVERYONE who has watched Toc H grow from its tiny beginnings at home in 1920 must feel that the stages of its progress have been so natural as to seem inevitable. From a little company of Flanders ex-service men in 1920 it soon began to spread to men of all ages in all parts of Great Britain; in 1922 it began, in Canada, to reach out to the British Empire—with a hint already of a foreign country, the United States. In South Africa it had, almost at once, to meet the barrier of race and language and has been steadily building a bridge of fuller understanding between Dutch and English members; in various parts of the East it has been facing, carefully and as fairly as it can, the problem of colour. In Europe, much nearer home, little has been done as yet, but the small beginnings are visible. Isolated citizens of European countries have, from time to time, joined Toc H as members; in some units (e.g., Amsterdam) a membership truly international is coming into being; in Germany two embryo units, entirely German, have for some years faithfully upheld our ‘family idea.’ In other words, the primary Toc H task of fellowship and service which draw together men of our own race very divergent in class and opinion, is extending, logically, to the wider field of reconciling nations and races. This has begun to happen, whether we will or no.

Literature about Toc H for the enquirer who does not speak English has now become a necessity. And as soon as the question of producing it is studied more closely a new problem is seen. Mere translation of the simplest leaflets used at home (e.g., *What is Toc H?* or *Toc H, its Work and Ways* or *A Few Facts for New Friends*) does not fill the bill. It is not only that some of our words and phrases are difficult to translate exactly into other languages, but that our literature, inevitably, is written from an ‘English point of view.’ Odd turns of phrase, metaphors, allusions to English books and men and familiar English habits are puzzling and sometimes unintelligible to people who do not know England from the inside. The mind of different countries works differently—and this means that Toc H in different countries must be expressed differently both in word and action. The chief reason why Toc H progress has been so slow in the United States, and even in Canada, is that it has, until quite recently, been an ‘English’ movement in its thought and ways—not, as in Australia, something ‘native’ to the country. Toc H has a future in Europe only if it can become ‘native’ in each country.

A very small start has been made with literature specially designed for foreign consumption. It began a few years ago with the publication of a leaflet in the Afrikaans language written by a Dutch South African for his own people. This was entitled *Toc H, die Boodschap van Vandag, haar Oproep aan Suid Afrika* (Toc H, a live wire of To-day, its

北 南 西 東

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 考を公正に | To think fairly. |
| 愛に限界なく | To love widely. |
| 神の忠僕、證を立て瑞ぶらず | To witness humbly |
| 勇進せん | To build bravely |

相當廣い庭があつて各種の運動が出来ます、川に近き處には漕艇の設備もあります。
此家に居住を許さるゝには威制限があります、居住者の生活様式には何等區別なく一樣であるが費用は夫々の負擔能力に應じて支拂額に差違を設て居ます。

九、「トク、エチ」の羅針盤

A page (reduced in size) of the Japanese Toc H pamphlet. On the left the Four Points of the Compass; in the centre, in larger type, the name “Toc H.”

appeal to South Africa). The leaflet ended: *Hello! Toc H hier! Is jy daar? Well! Wat daarvan?* "Hallo, Toc H here! Are you there? Well, what about it?" A short and elementary leaflet, written with a view to Continental use, is now available in four European languages—French, German, Swedish and Dutch. Its title is *What is Toc H?*, in French *Qu'est-ce que Toc H?*; in German *Was ist Toc H?*; in Dutch *Wat is Toc H?*; and in Swedish *Vad är Toc H?* Members (there are many) who have friends in Europe or who receive enquiries about Toc H from foreigners visiting England will find this leaflet, in the appropriate language, a useful start. It does not pretend to carry the enquirer all the way, but it may whet his appetite for more. And very soon, we hope, more literature must be produced to meet a growing demand.

A particularly interesting—if to most of us puzzling—new piece of Toc H literature is a small pamphlet of 24 pages written and printed in Japanese; it starts, of course, on what is to us the last page and reads 'backwards.' Even under present difficulties in Japan we all hope the visit of Bob Ford will produce a demand.

Copies of the leaflets in French, German, Swedish, Dutch and Japanese, can be obtained, post free from the Overseas Office, 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3.

Keeping Touch

When one room could—and sometimes almost did—contain the whole of Toc H, keeping touch between members by the frequent "fellowship of sight and hand" was pretty simple. For a long time now it has outgrown such straightforward means, and keeping touch becomes more complicated every year. The written and the printed word must take the place of the spoken—until a Toc H wireless station in every land becomes practical politics. In 1921, when our membership had taken its first steps outside London, the old 'Gestetnered' *News Sheet* kept the widening family in touch; in 1922 this JOURNAL became a necessity. But it can never hope to give all the local news in the detail which different parts of the world desire or deserve. So a whole garden of Toc H journalism has been planted to supply the family with the food it needs. In the Areas at home *The Yorkshire Bulletin* (in its first form, *The North-Western Area Bulletin*, "the organ of the West Yorkshire Federation") led the way in print, at a period before the sub-division of England into Areas had officially taken place: it ran from January to December, 1926. Then *The Northern Mark* of the Northern Area published its first number in April, 1929: it still goes strongly under its new name of *The Northman*. *Light* (formerly the *West Midlands Area Bulletin*), published in Birmingham, and the *East Midlands and Lincs. Bulletin*, issued, since 1927, from Leicester, have not reached the dignity of print yet. Scotland came into the field in January, 1931, with *The Northern Light*; its new series, in a different form, began to appear, quarterly, a year later. *The London Toc H Magazine* first greeted its readers in March, 1931; unhappily it found itself compelled to say 'good-bye' to them—we hope, not for ever—in its twelfth number last month.

The number of 'Bulletins' and 'News Sheets' published by individual units has been legion. Examples of those appearing regularly at present are: *Jottings*, of the West Kent Branch (since 1926); *The Reflector* (originally *The Sock Suspender*), of Croydon Branch (since 1927); the printed *Bournemouth Toc H Magazine*; *Savoury Pie*, from Liverpool; the *Mag.Et*, of Dartford; *The Link*, of the West Cornwall District. These are by no means all. They come and go with bewildering rapidity.

The need for special Toc H periodicals overseas is even more urgently felt. Australia led the way with the typewritten *Forerunner* in September, 1925; it has blossomed in print

as *The Link* since February, 1926. In May, 1926, India began to publish *The Lamp*; in October, 1926, South America first produced *The Mark*. South Africa gave us a typed *Bulletin* in 1926, and a printed *Compass* since 1930. The scattered Branch in the Malay Peninsular has steadily issued *The Little Journal* since 1928. In 1930, New Zealand began to print their typed *Ventilator*, and in the same year Brussels produced a little printed 'Bulletin' which has now become *The Continental Bulletin of Toc H*. The United States began to publish *The Sign* in February, 1928, but it died in 1931. Toc H in Canada has made several starts in the past. Toronto published a little orange-paged *Toc H Journal* from 1924-1926, and now produces *The Midnight Sun* (formerly *The Northern Light*).

Even these journals cannot hope to cover the ground and to have to be further localised. In Australia, for instance, State supplements to *The Link* have been found necessary and have been coming out for some time—the South Australian *Magpie* and the 'Link Supplements' of Victoria and of West Australia. And in Southern Africa there has been a printed *Toc H Times of Natal* and is now a printed Rhodesian bulletin, *Toc H, Umtali*. *The Bulletin* of the Eastern Province, in typed form, ran for many numbers, and in East Africa Toc H Nairobi produced its own paper in 1930-1931. This by no means exhausts the list of local effort, which often lasted for a few numbers only.

Meanwhile, the Toc H JOURNAL, now in its eleventh annual volume, goes on—and must go on. For we make bold to say that all the rest of the magazines in Toc H, put together, supplement but do not displace it. The JOURNAL cannot hope, within an average monthly scope of 48 pages, to cover, or even to touch, all parts of the immense field of Toc H life round the world. But each month it tries to give readers something about a good many things, and in the course of a year, you will find if you take a whole volume in hand, it does give a little about almost everything. Friendly relations between the JOURNAL and all other Toc H magazines have been unbroken since the beginning: they borrow each other's 'copy' without need to ask leave, to everyone's advantage.

The circulation of the JOURNAL has gone steadily forward from the 2,000 of ten years ago to over 15,000 to-day. But there are still many members who do not trouble to read it, and a good many who have scarcely discovered its existence or cannot afford to subscribe to it. Take, for instance, the case of our members in Chile, who for several years have been holding on under difficulties of which we have scarcely any conception—revolution, anxiety and growing poverty. Padre Couch, of Santiago, recently wrote to Harry Ellison at the Overseas Office: "I most eagerly welcome any stray bits of news from home and H.Q. Owing to the exchange chaos in Chile we cannot afford to pay for our JOURNALS as we would like, so four of us have to share one copy. This means that I am so anxious for the next man to have his share, that I never digest the good food myself. We are starved for news, and maintain our course out here by the grace of God and nothing else."

A Suggestion

May we make a definite suggestion to our faithful readers to help non-readers? This is not primarily a "publicity campaign" (though increased circulation is always welcome), but an attempt to get news of the whole family into hard-pressed outposts of it and other quarters which it does not regularly reach. Men grow parochial and peculiar when they don't keep in touch with the outside world—and the "parish" of Toc H, like John Wesleys', is now "the world."

The suggestion comes originally from South Africa. In October last, *The Compass* addressed its readers as follows: "Many units are already in touch with the Family overseas and have greatly benefitted by the exchange of news. Now it is proposed to go a step further. Why not subscribe to a copy of *The Compass* to be posted direct to a

unit overseas? "Bunny" (*Provincial Secretary of the Western Cape Province*) suggests that if units cannot afford to do so, individual members might, and the Editor's idea is that instead of sending Christmas cards overseas, a year's subscription to *The Compass* would be more appreciated and of much greater value."

This principle is capable of extension to the JOURNAL. The Editor of *The Compass* writes to the Overseas Office: "Other than in the Transvaal, I have no information as to what proportion of the membership takes in the JOURNAL, but I think I am right in saying that there are not a few units (in South Africa) which do not get even one copy, and there must be hundreds of chaps who do not see it or have not even heard of it. This is partly due to unit assessment finance not working or chaps not being able to afford it, but chiefly due, I think, to the fact that leaders out here do not lay sufficient stress on the immense value of the JOURNAL. To help remedy this position, and at the same time strengthen the bonds between home and overseas units, would not the Editor suggest through his pages that some British units subscribe to the JOURNAL for a year for any overseas unit they please? The names of the overseas units would have to be published or go through one source, to prevent overlapping."

So there is the suggestion. The Overseas Office, 42, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3, is ready to act as a clearing house "to prevent overlapping" in this matter. Will any units at home who are willing to supply a JOURNAL to an overseas unit or to members in lonely places get in touch with the Overseas Office right away?

INDIA IN DORSET

THE Spetisbury-cum-Charlton Marshall Branch of Toc H have written and produced a Pageant Play based on the second century legend of St. Thomas' mission to India. The forty or so actors were much gratified when one of the spectators, who had spent his life in Asia, said that he had never before seen a play so true to the atmosphere of the East. The story tells of how St. Thomas, unwilling to believe that he was really called to evangelize India, discovered that Christ had appeared and sold him as a slave to the Indian King, Gundopharus, who required him to build a palace as splendid as the Temple in Jerusalem. During the King's absence on a journey the Apostle applied himself instead to building up the Christian Church and reforming the realm. The indignant monarch was about to torture Thomas as an impostor when his brother revived from death to tell him of the glorious spiritual palace awaiting him in the other world and built by the Saint's labours.

Subsequently the Apostle was executed by another Indian King. In the final scene of the play he appears in glory at the site of the martyrdom and kneels with his assembled converts before a slowly dawning vision of Christ, the Light of the World. The grand closing hymn of praise, together with incidental eastern music, was specially composed by one of our members, Harold Avery. Many friends contributed their treasures to make possible the gorgeous setting of the play, which has brought in a handsome contribution to the funds of Toc H. The beautiful lighting and the visions were made possible by the same skilled members of the Branch who for weeks have devoted their spare time to introducing electric-lighting into Charlton Church.

Another link between that Church and Toc H is the St. Francis window, with its Lamps of Maintenance in the border, commemorating one of our members, Joe Walker, and his father. As the Walker family came from All Hallow's parish, Joe's name also appears in one of the windows recently unveiled there by H.R.H. the Duchess of York.

W. E. D.



Above: The Players in the Legend of St. Thomas in India, produced by Toe H members and friends at Spekebury in February.
(Photo: Royal Studio,
Wimborne.)

Below: The St. Francis window in Charlton Church in memory of a Toe H member. (The Lamp of Maintenance appears in the border on both sides.)





Warden Manor and Annexe. The grounds and hard tennis court are in the rear. Well sheltered from the winds, one can lounge on the lawn watching passing shipping, or can gaze over to Herne Bay and, on clear days, to the Margate Cliffs.



Looking down from the cliffs on to Warden Bay and Leysdown, with the River Swale and Kentish mainland in the background. The bathing is safe, and there is also a little fishing for ambitious "soles."

TOC H HOLIDAY RESORTS

NOW that Spring is "setting in with its accustomed severity" and even thoughts of Summer holidays are beginning to cross members' minds, the time has come to suggest that there are several places, intimately connected with Toc H, where its members can spend leisure time together in congenial company and at reasonable cost. Several of these are described in the following notes.

Little Hatchett, New Forest

A note on Little Hatchett appeared in these pages as lately as last November, and this delightful house is already known and loved by many members of Toc H and L.W.H. Little Hatchett, as readers already know, was Tubby's own home, the "green-tiled bungalow in a big rough garden, just outside Beaulieu, and facing the open Forest wherein you can walk all day long and meet no one whatsoever." When Tubby's father died in 1927 the house passed into the possession of Tubby's brother, R. J. B. Clayton, of F.M.S. Branch, who has lent it as a "Guest House for the family of Toc H." The accommodation is, of course, limited, which in itself ensures that guests find themselves a family party and not mere hotel visitors—and due warning to the Warden of an intended visit is needed. A caravan in the garden helps the overflow in Summer. The minimum charges are as follows: *One day*—for members of Toc H or L.W.H., 7s. 6d.; for non-members, 10s. *Weekend* (Friday afternoon to Monday morning), £1 1s. od. *Week*—for members, £2 2s. 6d.; for non-members, £3 3s. od. (in winter, £2 12s. 6d.) It is to be borne in mind that Little Hatchett has no sort of endowment, nor does it, of course, receive any subsidy from the funds of Toc H. Moreover, unlike the Toc H Marks, its use is seasonal, it cannot hope to keep full all the year round. It charges, therefore, have to be higher than the normal rates in a Mark. But members will find it well worth considering in their holiday plans. Ask anyone who knows Little Hatchett already! Write to the Warden, Little Hatchett, East Boldre, Brockenhurst, Hants.

Warden Manor, Isle of Sheppey

WARDEN MANOR is the centre of the tiny village of Warden Point, which is between Minster and Leysdown, Isle of Sheppey, Kent. It has been purchased by a Toc H member and is now open for the holiday use of members, probationers and friends of Toc H and L.W.H. It is a comfortable 17th century Manor House amid unspoilt country, with grassy cliffs and quiet sands within sight and very easy reach. It was used by its previous owner as a small hotel and is partly modernised inside, with bathrooms and quiet rooms—one each for Jack and Jill!

For a true Toc H holiday the personal touch of fellowship counts above all, and there Warden Manor starts remarkably well. For its hosts are Vic Martin (late of Oxford Branch) and Mrs. Martin, whose qualities are already so well known to members in many places that we can spare their blushes by making no further comment. They have taken over the wardenship and are already in residence, awaiting their guests. Vic may be trusted to help provide a varied programme, outdoors and in, and visitors will also find a fine little church on the road to Leysdown, served by a Padre who is keen on Toc H.

The Manor is, of course, to be run on the basis of paying expenses but making no profit. The charge is to be 45s. per week, which includes not only board and lodging but the free use of a hard tennis court, bathing hut, deck chairs and garage. The week-end charge (tea on Saturday to after dinner on Sunday evening) will be 10s. and units can book week-ends for parties during the Spring. In the quieter months of this first season (April, May, June and September) the privilege rate of 45s. a week will be

extended to guests introduced by Toc H, even if they be non-members. Warden Manor is 51 miles from London. The average journey by train is three hours, by car two hours: the fare by train or coach is 6s. 10d. return. It is hoped to arrange day visits from London by special motor-coach at 7s. 6d., including fare, lunch and tea.

Those who are contemplating holidays for themselves or have friends in mind who would enjoy Toc H company, are advised to consider Warden Manor and to book early, especially for July and August, when a great demand is expected. They can get an illustrated folder with full details by applying to Vic Martin, Warden Manor, Warden Point, Sheppery, Kent (Telephone, Eastchurch 19).

Toc H Hostel, Bournemouth—and a Job

The next 'resort' is in a slightly different category, for it offers the additional attraction of a fine 'Toc H job' combined with holiday. For almost four years there has been, to all intents and purposes, a Toc H Hostel at Bournemouth, but it was only in last January's list of Houses that it was officially mentioned for the first time. Some hundreds of members, however, from Branches and Groups all over the country know this House, since they have spent happy holidays there during the last year or so. It has, in fact, become a real Toc H Holiday House and its 'connection' is now widespread. Last summer it had to plead 'full up' as permanent hostellers were sleeping on the roof and in the conservatory to leave their beds vacant for holiday guests.

This side of its activity, however, is a small one compared with the really Big Job which lies at the back of all other things carried on there. This is (as the legal phrasing goes): "To provide and maintain a Home for poor or necessitous boys, who are not less than 16 and not more than 19 years of age, and who are preparing for, entering upon or engaged in some trade, occupation or service." In addition to which such boys are to be apprenticed to some useful trade and helped to be set on their feet for life when their apprenticeship is over.

The House—Shaftesbury Lodge, 20, Poole Road, Bournemouth West,—had for about 25 years been used as the home for the Gordon Boys Messenger Corps, but early in 1929 the committee in charge decided that it was not possible to continue it owing to lack of suitable boys to fill the home, and for other reasons. The Bournemouth Branch of Toc H had been helping at the home as an ordinary job and was asked to accept the freehold property as a gift on the understanding that the six or seven apprentices still there were looked after by Toc H men. The Branch willingly accepted, but Headquarters found that the consent of the Charity Commissioners was necessary. The wheels of the law revolve slowly and it was not until June, 1932, that it had been sealed, signed and settled that Toc H could not accept ownership of the freehold, but could use the property partly for the upbringing of poor and necessitous youths and partly as a hostel for Toc H members.

All this time, however, the scheme as ultimately agreed was carried out in practice: the House was run as a Toc H Hostel, with an Honorary Warden and Hostellers. The apprentices and hostellers live together and their relationship, generally speaking, has been of the best. Readers will appreciate that to help at a boys' club and at the end of the evening to return to one's own home is a less exacting job than to eat and sleep and live with those who—through no fault of their own—have very little experience of the finer things in life: this is the job of the Bournemouth hostellers. It is well worth while.

The property itself is a large detached residence on the main road close to the west station and ten minutes' walk from the sea and town. It has about 20 large rooms, including chapel and domestic quarters, and a large hall where District and Branch meetings

and social functions are held. There are also several garages and a garden. It is excellently equipped, has an abundant hot-water service, and is very comfortably furnished. The management is in the hands of seven trustees, three of whom are appointed by Toc H and the other four being gentlemen in business or resident in the district (not necessarily Toc H members). A House Committee of Toc H men acts as a sub-committee under the Trustees.

The wherewithal to provide for the apprentices is derived from profits upon payments by hostellers and holiday guests, thus the very fact of living at the house helps—financially, at least—to maintain the corporate job undertaken by Toc H.

Up to now a part-time Honorary Warden has been in residence, but owing to frequent changes of late in the post, and the special work involved by care of the apprentices, it has now been decided to seek a whole-time man. No salary can be paid, but free board and lodging is offered, so that a man with some private means is required. Any such Toc H member definitely interested in the welfare of youths and able to act as Warden as described, should communicate with The Chairman of the House Committee, Toc H Hostel, 20, Poole Road, Bournemouth West.

Boys' Holiday Camp, Cleethorpes

Here is another 'resort' connected with a holiday job. Cleethorpes is well enough known as one of the most popular and healthy holiday places on the East Coast. It is easily accessible from most parts of the Yorkshire, West Midland and East Midland Areas. It boasts an energetic local Group of Toc H and the Group boasts a Boys' Holiday Camp, with buildings of permanent structure which are guaranteed to withstand even the worst English summer. These are right on the beach, with safe bathing on the very doorstep.

The Cleethorpes Group undertake this summer to feed, house and entertain parties of boys up to 50 at a time. Already they have received parties from many units—Doncaster, Pontefract, Lincoln, Chesterfield, Nottingham, Hornastle, Wakefield, Sleaford, Barton, Kirby-in-Ashfield and Long Eaton—and they hope to establish further friendships this year. Members who are looking for a fine camping place for boys under their charge should write as soon as possible to the Camp Secretary, 25, Sherburn Street, Cleethorpes, Lincs.

Toc H Hut, Polmadie, Glasgow

The Secretary of the newly-formed Group at Polmadie writes to the Editor:—"The Polmadie Group, as you probably know, has built a wooden hut as a meeting place, and installed therein proper heating, cooking and washing facilities. One of our fellows suggested last week, and we all agreed with him, that if any English, Welsh, or Overseas members were thinking of visiting Scotland during the coming summer on hiking or camping trips, we should offer them use of our house during their stay in Glasgow, for sleeping quarters—free of charge, of course.

"We could accommodate eight fellows each night provided that they supplied their own blankets, etc., and some of our members would undertake to show the visitors around Glasgow if they wished it.

"It was proposed that the invitation be extended to Rovers, Scouts, and members of the Boys' Brigade, on the strict understanding that Toc H members had the prior claim on the accommodation available.

"If you think the idea will appeal to anyone will you please give it the appropriate publicity? Applications for use of the premises should be addressed to G. A. Firkins, 273, Kingsbridge Drive, King's Park, Glasgow, and should state the exact dates for which accommodation is required."

A BAG OF BOOKS

The Fool hath said

The Fool hath said. By Cyril Alington. Longmans, Green & Co. 4s. 6d.

The Headmaster of Eton sets out to satisfy what a great many of us have at some time felt, or do constantly feel, to be a need. His purpose (as the 'blurb' on this little book's jacket puts it) is "to give encouragement to those who profess the Christian faith but profess it with a growing fear that their profession is intellectually indefensible." He proceeds to make no less than twenty-five things against religion which the fool hath often said—and still continually says—and to argue about them, in a chapter each, in an extraordinarily readable way. Dr. Alington cannot help being witty, but he does not use wit for its own sake: it is but the salt which savours his serious message. And the message is serious; it is intended to equip 'the average layman' to withstand the attacks of cynics and scoffers in "the battle for those eternal verities which alone make life living" and to make him "consider whether he himself can take no more active part in the glorious task to which he is called—of proving in our own lives that the Gospel of Christ is true." This little book can be of real help in the private lives of many Toc H members, and might well provide a whole series of subjects for discussion in their units.

The Silent Cities

The Tracks they trod. By Trevor Allen. Herbert Joseph, 6s.

In the first years after the War, pilgrimages to the graves in France and Flanders by those who had lost husbands, sons or fathers on the Western Front crowded the cross-Channel boats. Great service was done for those who otherwise could not afford to go and, in many cases, had never ventured so far afield before, by St. Barnabas' Pilgrimages. Toc H was in close touch with this organisation and some of our older members retain vivid recollection of a great pilgrimage party of 900 relatives which they helped to conduct in the Ypres Salient in 1923. Clearly a visit to the war cemeteries on more distant fronts was a much greater undertaking, involving far more time, expense and organisation, but this St. Barnabas' Pilgrimages, led by the untiring Padre Molyneux, eventually achieved. This book, then, is the record, by one who was present, of the visits of relatives of the fallen to Salonika and the Balkans, Gallipoli, Egypt and Palestine. To all who served in those places or who lost friends and relations there, it cannot fail to have a living interest.

A Pocket Bible

Mr. Humphrey Milford, of the Oxford University Press, has done a real service by publishing the Authorised Version of the Holy Bible in a very neat form at an extraordinarily low price. *The New Eighteenpenny Oxford Bible* measures only 3½ by 5½ inches, its type is excellently clear, its binding a neat dark blue. There are twelve styles of binding, ranging from 1s. 6d. to 7s. 6d., and in each case one can have the Apocrypha included for an extra eighteenpence. The edition is also printed on India Paper (in which case the whole book is but 5/8in. thick), ranging in price from 6s. to £1. Everyone who wants to have the Bible in its neatest, cheapest and most portable form will do well to get this new Oxford edition.

ANNOUNCEMENT: *The Toc H Padre* is the title of a new handbook on which Padre Sawbridge (Western Area) has been engaged for some time and which will replace two older pamphlets. It is now in the press, and will be published, bound in limp linen, at 6d.

The Small Club for Boys

The Small Club, its Opportunities and Problems (Boys' Club Handbook No. 4). By H. W. Llewellyn Smith. National Association of Boys' Clubs, 2d.

Toc H members who take any part in boys' clubs should already be familiar with the first three handbooks in this series. Handbook No. 4 will already be assured of a welcome from them. But it should also appeal to a wider Toc H public. It is known that Groups and Branches in many places would like to take a share in club work, but have hitherto been defeated by the difficulties of small premises and limited resources. Here is just the practical guidance wanted to help to make their dreams come true. Mr. Llewellyn Smith tells them what can be done with a parish room or village school-room, and suggests how wide a programme can be devised even where such premises are available only two evenings a week. He has also some wise things to say on the running of such a club by a team, and on the captaincy of the team. This little book should help Toc H units to start many a joyous venture, not flaunting Toc H in its title, but humbly content that it should bear the name of street or parish or other natural feature that boys will understand. Mr. Llewellyn Smith started that way himself, so he is a guide who knows the road.

H. A. S.

"IT 'IM OVER THE 'EAD WIV YER PICK"

TWO typical British working men were engaged on excavations just outside Victoria Station in London, when a Frenchman, on his first visit, stepped off the pavement and asked his way very politely to Piccadilly Circus. He spoke nothing but French.

When he had finished, one of the two turned to his mate and said "Wot's the matter wiv 'im?" The other said "I dunno. But if 'e does it again, 'it 'im over the 'ead wiv yer pick!"

Irrespective of its merits as a funny story, that is a fine example of the dangers of being misunderstood. Because the stranger could not make himself intelligible, he was automatically presumed to be dangerous. And attack is proverbially the best form of defence.

Very much the same sort of incident occurs on a vastly bigger scale between the great nations of the world. Misunderstanding breeds suspicions. Suspicions breed more misunderstandings, and grievances, too. Grievances are dangerous things, leading to war.

But you will not find serious grievances between two people (or two nations) who thoroughly understand one another. And that understanding is the aim and object of the hundreds of Esperanto Associations scattered all over the world. One such Association has its headquarters in this country, and we wish to tell you something of its work and its ideals.

There is no room here to explain fully how sane and moderate are these ideals—how there is no question of abolishing National languages or upsetting local prides and prejudices—how Esperanto is put forward merely as a common international tongue to enable all the peoples of the world to know and understand and appreciate each other.

These points are very clearly explained in an attractive booklet, a copy of which is ready for you.

If you are concerned—as so many reasonable people are—at the stupidity and danger of the present international situation, it is your duty to find out more about Esperanto. To do this, send your name and address and 2d. in stamps to the British Esperanto Association, Dept. C 20, Holborn, London, W.C.1. You will incur no expense or obligation—and you will be able to judge for yourself the soundness and essential sanity of the widespread and quickly-growing Esperanto Movement.

[ADVT.]

THE FAMILY OVERSEAS

Ceylon

IN June, 1927, the *Colombo* Group wrote in their four-page printed monthly report: "A successful feature of the evening was the singing of rounds. Surely this is a thing to be encouraged in Toc H. For what is a round? It consists in various groups holding their own, singing their own song, in spite of the temptation, ever strong, not to sing their own part but that of their neighbours, yet doing it all in the spirit of fun, and the result—a glorious harmony richer than a unison. A parable of Toc H." The habit of these monthly or bi-monthly reports continued until late in 1928, by which time they had increased to six pages. The Annual Report of 1927, the first report of the new Branch, was an elaborately produced affair of fourteen pages. Now, in 1932, the report for the whole of Colombo has grown to a stout book of fifty-six pages, two pages of plates and several happy line drawings scattered throughout. *Colombo* has been working away without attracting much attention in these notes, so we propose to quote liberally from this report: "If ever the time comes when we can write at the beginning of our Annual Report, 'All's well with Toc H Ceylon,' then we may be quite sure that the spirit of Toc H has been lost, and that the family has become quite definitely ineffective. . . . With the formation of the *Polwatte* Group, we have a most welcome addition to our man-power for corporate jobs (whilst they carry on their own independently) and this is welcome, indeed. In all this we must bear in mind the two-fold aspect—to get a job done 'at point of moment fit' and to make fresh contact between those who work. Then there is the undoubtedly fact that members do not do all they can to interest the other man in Toc H. Now here in Colombo we get many welcome visitors—from Australia, New Zealand, Germany, the Federated Malay States, England—and they all seem to leave us thinking that we are really a very good example of a Toc H Branch. But are we? If they only knew the anxious moments passed by their hosts in wondering if our men will be on the job at the psychological moment when we arrive full of smiles and murmur modestly 'This is the Boys' Club.'

The Three R's

"The Slave Island Working Boys' Club continues to flourish. The Club Scout Troop has had a successful year and there can be no doubt that the inclusion of Scouting in the Club's activities has had a wonderfully good effect on the character of the boys who have come under the influence of this great movement. Boxing continues to attract a fair number of members and the Club is lucky in having an old Cambridge Boxing Blue for its coach. Night School Classes are held on three evenings a week for the teaching of reading, writing, arithmetic, and general knowledge. Attendance at these classes is entirely voluntary, and as ninety per cent. of the Club members do turn up, it is a good indication that they are meeting a need. In fact, many boys join the Club almost entirely for the reason that membership entitles a boy to attend the Night School and quite a number of the boys owe most of the education they have had to these classes.

"The Light of Toc H has been kept burning in *Kandy* during 1932. The monthly meetings have been held with regularity; the suppers despatched with good appetite and good cheer; the Rushlight duly kindled in darkness on the verandah, except for the fireflies; the speakers heard with attention and questioned with interest; and the meetings adjourned only on the stroke of ten. The roll has been increased by five new members and decreased by two. There are over two dozen members and friends who can be counted on not to

miss a meeting if they can help it. In addition there are many in Kandy who are interested in Toc H and are helping our work, but who cannot become members because of the Christian basis of Toc H. These friends are, and always will be, welcome at our meetings, and challenge members to find in their own faith the secret of service."

The ratification of the *Polwatte* Group caused much joy throughout the family. Here is its first report: "We have nine initiated members, and eleven Outer Guard, and soon to our great regret we are to lose our Padre. Ten meetings have been held, mainly of a family nature, as we all wanted to learn as much as we could about Toc H. So the *Colombo* Branch has come along more than once for talks. The St. Michael's Night School is now staffed by us on three nights a week with classes in English, writing and arithmetic for an hour. This has led on to a Boys' Club, open to Night School members, which began in September, and meets once a week. Other jobs have been: a picnic to the Zoo with thirty children from a local orphanage—a real success; and repairs to the Club hut—not so good."

It is quite obvious that one of the biggest jobs—qualitatively—of the *Colombo* Branch is the meeting of Toc H travellers and lone members on ships. In January the Branch had a visit from three members off H.M.S. *Enterprise*, who were taken to Mount Lavinia to hand over another book done into Braille. They also left behind a batch of used stamps, a regular contribution of theirs. When the East Indies' Squadron arrived it was very pleasing to find a healthy growth of interest in Toc H on board, and the *Empress of Britain* hove-to with four boys on board from Talbot House Sea-faring Boys' Club, Southampton. Their time on shore was all too short for the programme that the Branch had mapped out for their entertainment.

India

THE *Madras* Branch have shyly kept in the background for a long time, so a budget of news that has come in recently in their Annual Report makes all the more interesting reading. We will quote liberally from the document: "Just seven years ago Toc H came to Madras through Tubby and Pat Leonard. It would be interesting to hear their comments if they could spend a week among us again. They brought the good seed, and our job has been to water and cultivate it in the somewhat arid soil of Madras. Every local gardener knows that during the hot weather plants wilt and sometimes die. Then come the rains, and then we look for fruits. This report is to try to give some account of the fruits of the Branch during the seventh year. At the start in 1925 several cheerful local prophets were moved to state their opinion that Toc H could never thrive in the soil of Madras. These prophets have so far been disappointed, and the biggest job for us all is to prove year by year that there is a real need for our Branch in Madras. Of jobs in Madras there is no end; sometimes, unhappily, there is no beginning. The best possible job, after all, is for each member of the family to do his own job every day in the true spirit of Toc H. . . Prisoners may come and prisoners may go, but we go on visiting regularly. This was almost our first team job in Madras and it has been kept going quietly and steadily. The number of persons confined in the European Ward has been gratifyingly small, so that the unofficial Grope existing inside has died down. But two or three friends are still closely in touch with Toc H and its ideals, and quality is better than quantity. Of 'Gropers' in the past, we hear that several have made good on returning to England. Among the other Wards in the Penitentiary we try to be helpful as much as possible, but for a variety of causes the past year in the prison has not been quite normal, and beyond supplying books and papers and having friendly talks we have not been able

to do very much in the way of games and other forms of recreation. Still, all concerned seem to welcome our presence every Sunday, and we shall continue to do our best, remembering the words, '*I was in prison and ye visited Me.*' This is a job in which our Indian members are most valuable, as a knowledge of the vernaculars is almost essential. The prisoners' best friend is perhaps the gramophone, which gives cheerful service for many hours every Sunday and deserves a special word of thanks for its good record. At Christmas and Easter we provided a pleasant meal for all Christians, as it was impossible to entertain the whole prison population of about 1,200. Various gifts of clothing and several suitcases were provided for happy ones leaving.

"The Civil Orphan Asylum is so close to Toc H House that we ought to keep in touch with this kingdom of young Anglo-Indians, founded so long ago and so much a part of the social history of Madras. We helped, as usual, to run their sports; during the summer holidays this year we twice organised day camps for the lads that stayed at school in Madras; our Scout enthusiasts built field-kitchens from which our visitors produced such appetising food that Toc H to a man swallowed a large helping of steaming stew, and again some. The idea of giving a large party and inviting your guests to bring their own food was suggested by a Scotch member, and worked admirably.

"The excellent Deaf and Dumb School expects every year that Toc H will do its duty at the annual Bazaar and Fête at Mylapore in November. Willing help was given as last year, and by all accounts the evening went off well and profitably. The Scout Troop at this school is good. Our Baby Cinema is always welcome there, but has suffered for some months from an attack of shyness, and has rarely been seen in public. The children may be deaf and dumb, but their capacity for smiling is unlimited, and a warm welcome awaits us there always. Regular visits to the European Officers' quarters of the General Hospital have been made during the past year. The team has concentrated on looking after fellows invalided from ships, who, knowing very little of Madras, have been helped in their convalescence by car drives in the evenings and the use of books and papers.

"We have had few chances of entertaining our Naval friends, but we had one jolly evening with a party from H.M.S. *Enterprise* in the early part of the year. When the ships of the Royal Indian Marine were here we spent an afternoon afloat while gunnery practice took place at sea, and were hospitably entertained. Our Secretary took a film on board which he subsequently showed to the Fleet. Last year we began scouting; now considerable progress has been made, and the troop stands firm. A noteworthy feature of our development is the recently formed Wolf Cub Pack. It is in the boxing sphere that we claim pre-eminence, boasting in our midst the champion of the Madras Boy Scouts.

"Speaking in general, we have many activities that are hard to describe in detail. Madras is slowly discovering that Toc H is a human power-house, energised by the twin-cylinders of sacrifice and service. Of course, Toc H does not advertise, but the fruits of its spirit, if sound and available, create in time a market for themselves, and people here are beginning to appreciate the existence of such an institution. Those who bear the Double Cross must not look for the double-palm; nor, indeed, do we. But it is a spur to feel that we can supply a real want in social and other services, especially in hard times when there is such a large field in which to work. Space would fail me to make a list of the many splendid jobs of work that individual members are doing so unobtrusively that even the Jobmaster often hears of them only by accident—if then. Such Jobbers are Lamplighters in the truest sense. We have had our difficulties, our disappointments, our failures: but we learn by falling, provided that we have the unquenchable spirit to rise up stronger than before."

South America

Buenos Aires Branch have to report a Birthday Festival specially composed to be attractive to the man outside Toc H. The service of rededication was on the usual lines, gaining in impressiveness from the Presbyterian Church in which it took place, and by prayer in antiphon between the leader and the congregation, and by the strength of purpose in the family gathered there. Then came the difference from the usual procedure. The family gathering was held for the first time outside the Mark, and the chief ingredient was an organised entertainment with a magician and dancing, following refreshments. Some may have thought that the homely atmosphere was in consequence not quite so apparent as in former years, but it was an enjoyable evening, "and," say the pundits, "we must remember that the impression taken away by the stranger is the one that counts, and impressions depend upon contact."

This same Branch has recently had to say farewell to its Padre, the Rev. J. Taylor. He has been one of the staunchest supporters of the movement in South America since its inception. Not only will he be remembered by his work with the concert party, nor only by the fact that no function in Toc H was complete without "Jimmy," but chiefly by the personal touch he had with so many men, a product sometimes of only a few minutes' chat or just a cheery salutation in passing.

A delightful surprise for the *Rio de Janeiro* Branch was the hectic invasion by six Toc H members off H.M.S. *Dauntless*, especially as her previous visit had shown but small signs of the germinations of the Toc H seed. The water-tight compartments of H.M. Senior Service were illustrated by the fact that when many of the ship's company turned up at the Church Hall for the usual dance, the Branch members had the chance to introduce the Toc H members of the ship the one to the other as such. They bobbed up again at the Branch meeting when it was decided to "strengthen the good thing thus begun" and to gather together—with the skipper's permission—from time to time when at sea.

Southern Africa

"THE news of Neville Talbot's resignation," writes the *Compass*, "and forthcoming departure for Nottingham, came as something of a shock to Toc H in South Africa. We do not always think fairly about our Bishops and other Church leaders, and Neville's decision brought home to us the tremendous strain that is imposed on anyone in his position. For twelve years, with a diocese as big as England and Scotland together, he has been continually on trek, and last year motored no fewer than 15,000 miles. Small wonder, then, that Toc H—the Transvaal in particular—has not seen as much of him as it would have liked, or as he has often wished. Yet as opportunity offered he has given the family some inspiring advice, and we have been proud to have among us one who, with Tubby and H. R. Bates in 1915, unconsciously gave the world one of the noblest and most lasting things that came out of the Great War. The Transvaal took farewell of Neville on the first night of the recent Festival, when after the screening of the Poperinghe and Flanders slides, he told a packed hall of the reasons for his decision, and explained once more the 'roots and fruits' of Toc H. He appealed particularly to us to face up to the native issue in the true Christian attitude. Our dream of being able one day to stage Neville and Tubby side by side at a great Guest-night has gone, and meantime, Toc H Nottingham, who sent Neville a cable of welcome on the day the news was known, has cause for much thanksgiving."

All the Southern African news is full of the approach of Owen Watkins and Geoff Martin. It is well, when the opening of a new chapter in the history of Toc H is begun, to look back, remembering those whose work has provided a text for the new publication. Therefore we quote this passage from the *Compass*: "For more than a year the family in Southern Africa has been without whole-time workers. *The Compass* has tried to fill the gap in whatever way it could, but our main thanks are due to Sir Herbert Stanley. His has been a difficult task, and despite the heavy burdens of his official duties, he has given unsparingly of his time and experience to the family. With Owen and Geoff to back him up, Toc H South Africa looks forward with "Hearts High" indeed to the tasks ahead." The general idea seems to be that our two ambassadors are to be human panaceas for all Toc H ills, so it is the more refreshing to find the Transvaal putting its house in order before Owen and Geoff arrive so that the onus of solving all problems shall not fall on them. It is the considered opinion of this Province that it is in close contact with individuals that the permanent results of the visit will be found. There is a determination to do everything that will lead to results being lasting, and not transitory. The Guard of the Lamp is collecting as much information from units as possible so that the travellers can have a birdseye view of the situation almost before they arrive.

If a back reference to Christmas will be tolerated, it is worth while recording that in Johannesburg at the end of 1931 the *Sunday Times* announced its intention of discontinuing the Christmas toy scheme which it had conducted for many years. The work seemed too good to let slide, so on representations from the united forces of Toc H and L.W.H., which promised active support, it was decided to continue distribution. Though there were only three weeks in which to carry the plans through, the response to a wide appeal for toys was magnificent. From all quarters they poured in, and filled three large rooms in the offices of the *Sunday Times*. Parkview, assisted by the Toc Emmas and Girl Guides, was able to hold a receiving tree to which children brought presents, and a few days later gave a party at which some 250 children received presents and buns and ginger beer. The same tree did duty at Fordsburg.

DESPATCHES OF THE MONTH

*Despatches from the South Eastern, North Western, and West Midlands Areas
will appear in the next issue.*

From the London Area

THE London Birthday Festival was the first event of outstanding importance in the life of Toc H London during the period which has elapsed since the last London despatch appeared in the JOURNAL. The previous week at Birmingham six new Lamps were lighted for London. Those of us who have watched these units grow from their first small beginnings do wish them strength and joy in the next, perhaps most testing, stage in their Toc H experience. The names of these new Branches are: *Acton, Brockley, Dartford, Kentish Town, Tower Hill and Watling*.

The full report of the Festival has appeared already in the JOURNAL. We in London shall continue for some long time to recollect with gratitude all the skill and energy which Alec Churcher brought to that extremely satisfying occasion. Another memory which will long remain with us was the perfect interpretation of Dr. Wood's setting of Charles Sorley's "*Expectans Expectavi*" given to us by the Cathedral Choir. As for Costain—his funny stories carried most of us safely through the Christmas festivities, while "*Rugby Chapel*" caught us up on the crest of the most inspiring talk we have heard for many a long day.

Since December *Harrow* Group have gained their Lamp, the first to be given under the new arrangement. We are pleased to be able to report that a number of old Branches are eager to fall in line with the "three-year plan." We are also pleased that after many perplexities and disappointments Toc H is to have this Lamp burning at Harrow. Not less worthy of note is the way in which the *North Harrow* Group are quietly continuing their pioneer work in the new dormitory estates on the outskirts of Harrow and Kenton, at this moment when their natural inclination might easily find a hankering for a share in the fulfilment in Harrow itself. Other Groups have been sanctioned already this year at *Bexley, Brentford, Camden Town, Caterham, Iver, Shirley* and *Wurlingham*. While Toc H is growing steadily on the outskirts of London and even extending the London Area, there is cause for concern that there has been so little development in recent years within the inner ring of London units. This problem will exercise the brains of the new Area Executive at its annual conference. In the meantime we welcome signs of movement as shown in the newly formed Group at *Camden Town*. Along with these new developments we must take note that one very old Branch—*Maida Vale*—has voluntarily surrendered its Lamp; *Hampstead*, who, though not quite so old, go back to early days in London, have come to the same decision. These fluctuations in the health and vitality of units are inevitable within any movement. The humility which evokes these decisions is in itself a sign that vision is not dimmed nor the standard being lowered. From such humility hope of new life will not long be absent. For all rebuilding in *Maida Vale* and *Hampstead* we wish them good luck in the name of the Lord.

London began its New Year with a staff in some measure depleted. Thompy (Rev. R. C. Thompson) left us in December to join the Group Movement Campaign now proceeding in Canada. Jolli (Jollisie Walker, sometime Area Pilot) has been relieved of his peculiarly London responsibilities in order to have more time for the personal work which he does so admirably at Headquarters. How refreshing it is to feel that at last there is one person at Headquarters who is not too busy to love. So Jolli is by no means lost to us. The familiar faces of Owen and Geoff. have passed from us for a time (see JOURNAL, March, 1933, p. 96). What a deal of wisdom and devotion Owen has given to London during the past three years. This young padre will not quickly forget the humility with which Owen sat at our feet on all sorts of matters until he knew our methods a little—a great lesson for me in the true measure of schooled experience. We are grateful for his help offered so unsparingly—we shall miss his balanced judgment most of all. Still, they had a great send-off amid the grime and murkiness of Euston on that chill January morning—Geoff., amid cheers, hurling oranges down the platform as the train disappeared into the smoke and steam. His yarns when he returns will go far towards compensating the loss of his gaiety now. Norman High has stepped into his shoes as Alec's assistant, while Miss Martin in the London Office reveals the feminine touch by relieving the drabness of the Board Room with flowers for the Area Executive. By May, Padre Charlewood, well known to Toc H in Edmonton and North London, should be with us, and later on Bobs Ford will complete the normal strength of the London Padres.

Although London cannot claim Sir Cusack Walton as a whole-time member of its staff, it does welcome him as a frequent visitor to units and as giving us a great deal of his time and experience. A much younger arrival is Roger Barry Udell—the young son of Fulham's devoted secretary, who timed his entry into this world to coincide with the Festival Service at St. Paul's. So arrivals and departures continue. Among the many of these—we cannot, for lack of space, mention in detail—room must be found to pay our tribute to the passing of Henry Sheppard (Tubby's cousin), "old Shep" as he was

known to so many. In his busy life he was never too busy to stop and chat with any casual member passing along the street. I shall miss his familiar figure at the Celebrations at St. Martin's on Sunday mornings and many an unknown person in this vast city will miss the generosity of his great heart.

So much for events and personalities—what of work? Among the planning for the future a great deal of time is being devoted to the wisest methods of training both the potential leader and ordinary member for the responsibilities to which his membership calls him. David Wallace and Keith Fraser in particular are in close co-operation in studying future schemes and in co-ordinating the best methods we have discovered so far. At the same time some extremely useful week-end conferences are being held at Wapping upon the initiative of District committees themselves.

We are still trying to keep sensitive to the great shadow of unemployment. While we know many London members are feeling the situation keenly, the position, so desperate in the industrial areas, shows itself less urgently in the capital. Members are playing a worthy part in such schemes for social welfare as come within their scope. But we are more anxious to emphasise the opportunity of offering personal friendship of a lasting nature to those who are fast losing hope in the disheartening circumstances of unemployment. This is a contribution essentially germane to the nature of Toc H and is a great test of our quality. Also we are encouraging London members to explore beneath the main surface of unemployment to the root causes of the world breakdown. We must become more convinced than we are that the breakdown is moral—not material. In order to follow up such analysis creatively we are preparing to study the whole problem of leisure and the place which broadcasting should have in our individual and social activities.

Many will be relieved to know that steps are being taken to stem the policy of drift with regard to the London Marks. This move will also have an outcome in far-reaching developments in connection with the general organisation of the London Area. It will be seen from this that Toc H London is dealing resolutely with its domestic problems and is facing the future with an energetic and constructive outlook.

L. G. A.

Godspeed to Padre Appleton

It is perhaps unfortunate that Appy's turn to write the London despatch should have coincided with his last month as a London Area Padre, because this circumstance has resulted in the notable omission of any reference to the loss the Area is sustaining by his departure. During his six and a half years' work in London, his balanced mind and breadth of vision have helped to guide the family with a wisdom and a sense of proportion that has been quite invaluable. Amid the "ebb and flow of things temporal," when to distinguish between the waves that toss and the tides that carry is no easy matter, his deep perception of the things that are really of moment has again and again steadied us, while by wide reading and study and a vital interest in current thoughts and tendencies he has striven hard to keep us in intellectual and emotional contact with the changing world around. But while his intellectual and literary contribution towards the enrichment of our family life will be sorely missed, his departure will certainly be felt most deeply of all by his innumerable personal friends, particularly in Mark VII and the West of London where his work throughout has largely lain. There are many men in London who owe a very great deal to Appy's understanding friendship and it is in the lives of those men that the best memorial of his work can be found. For all our sakes it is gratifying indeed that his work will continue to be in London and his new post on the staff of St. Martin-in-the-Fields will enable him to continue to keep some touch with the men and the movement he has loved and served so well. The very best wishes of the London family go with him and to Mrs. Appleton in their new work.

A. G. C.

From the South Western Area

THE outstanding event in this Area during recent months has undoubtedly been the highly successful and inspiring Area Festival which was held in Exeter in January. A full description of this great gathering has been given elsewhere, and the majority of units find themselves somewhat short of news of "national importance." As one correspondent puts it : "Running a bazaar may be of gigantic importance to us in our Branch history but, after all, it is but one of many such occurrences, and not a 'ha'porth' to, say, Middlesex can be safely said that never in history has Toc H been more active in the South-west of England than during the past few months.

New Groves, new Groups continue to spring up right and left. Particularly is this the case along the borders of Dorset and Somerset. Further west, expansion waits more on consolidation of the ground already gained. To illustrate the growth of the movement in the Area, it may be mentioned that our Hon. Commissioner—the indefatigable Jourdain—was heard to say, at a recent meeting, that when he "took on" just three years ago, there were seventeen units in the whole Area. Now there are 37, with more to follow. It was noticed that, in making this heartening statement, he put his hand to his head—sort of 'mazed like (as they might say in Somerset, but probably don't). It may be, however, that it was just a draught, for it was a cold and snowy night.

Included in this Area are numberless villages, tucked away in quiet folds of the hills, buried in woods, nestling in little valleys which carry hurrying streams to the sea. And it would seem that, in most of these, only a little missionary work is needed before they are ready to experiment with Toc H. So our Hon. Commissioner and his new Hon. Assistant, J. W. Fox, of Newton Abbot, are likely to continue more than busy.

It is regretted that the historic duck-pond, where Barkis once had a disturbing vision, is beyond the confines of the Area, but we have many other places of interest. Amongst these is *Exmouth*, where they must be go-ahead people if those who comprise the Toc H Group are anything to go by. Formed less than two years ago, they already have forty-two members and fourteen probationers. Here there is a beginning of the L.W.H., which among other activities, helps the Group in running a soup kitchen for the very needy. The price of soup is 2d. a quart—which seems reasonable. They also have a "Flying Squad," mainly composed of young men, who seem to be doing a power of good for the youth of the town.

Passing northwards through *Exeter* (whose organizing powers where Festivals are concerned are beyond praise) we come to *Wellington*, which, since last mentioned in these notes, has been living in stirring times. The chief event was the Lighting of the Lamp by the Patron at the Birmingham Festival, at which nineteen members of Wellington by the Patron at the Birmingham Festival, at which nineteen members attended. In January came the Dedication of the Lamp by Pat Leonard. The service was held, most appropriately, in the War Memorial Chapel at Wellington School, and it would have been impossible to have found a better setting than this beautiful chapel, dedicated to the memory of the Elder Brethren from the School who fell during the Great War. "We are glad to be able to report," states the Secretary, "that the general health of the Branch is good. New ventures undertaken have been the equipping and handing over of the Branch Headquarters during the day as a Recreational Club for unemployed men. Also the organization, in conjunction with the Society of Friends, of an allotments' and seeds' scheme." *Newton Abbot* Group has been busy getting a new Grove started at *Teignmouth*, where there is a very keen band of go-ahead chaps. By all indications the missionary work put in is likely to bear much fruit. The *Plymouth* Branch

has not reported a great deal for inclusion in past despatches. But this is a great city of many needs and one feels that Toc H must of necessity have found numerous calls for service. It is now reported that a difficulty the Branch has had to contend with is being surmounted by moving the Headquarters to Virginia House, which being an institute of many activities will provide ample scope for new jobs. It would seem that the present Headquarters have put a heavy financial strain on the members and thus tended to retard progress. The problem of securing really suitable premises has proved itself, more than once, a thorny one in the South-west. The old barn of a place rented for a few pounds and made not merely habitable, but even home-like and cosy, by the energies of the members themselves is probably the most desirable for Toc H. The quainter the better. There are several distinctly quaint Headquarters dotted about this Area. Remembering Tubby's nightmare of Toc H " shrugging its endowed shoulders," it is to be hoped that no unit will ever find itself in proud possession of Headquarters which, by any stretch of imagination, can be called " palatial." Some missionary work has been done by Plymouth across the Tamar at Torpoint. This is something to the good for at present there is a huge gap in the chain of Toc H units between *Plymouth* in Devon and *St. Austell* in Cornwall; so that the whole of eastern and central Cornwall remains virgin ground.

At *Redruth* there is an exceptionally keen and hard working little Group. The chief activity is running a Boys' Club. At the present they have about thirty boys who meet every Monday. The lads seem to be very appreciative of this new interest in life, with which Toc H has provided them, in this town which has been so terribly hard-hit by the depression in its chief industry—tin-mining. *West Powder* (Chacewater) Group has launched out into literary adventures. Here a District monthly magazine ("The Link") has recently been produced. Its objects are to help the widely scattered units of the West Cornwall District to keep in touch with each other's doings, and apparently to further the general atmosphere of cheerfulness which is, of course, one of the many attractive features of our movement. If, as is hoped, it assists the family spirit to grow, the enterprise of this young Group will have been well worth while.

There must have been an extraordinarily large quantity of jumble lying in *Penzance* prior to December last when, by the energies of the Branch, it was prized loose so successfully that the resulting sale enabled them to distribute two hundred and thirty tickets for food, etc., to the value of 2/6 each. These, with the co-operation of the British Legion, were handed to really necessitous cases—of which, unfortunately, there are plenty in the town. Last month the Branch held its Birthday Festival—one of the good old-fashioned sort—with a well attended and rousing service in St. John's Church, followed by a Guest-night at which our Hon. Commissioner looked into the future of Toc H and made his hearers glow with the splendour of the vision. There were songs, and games, and good substantial Cornish pasties handed round by a species of unofficial L.W.H.—who were welcome as the flowers in spring to the large contingent from the *Falmouth* Branch, which had braved the fury of the elements over twenty-six miles of wind-swept roads to join their comrades in the far West, and had arrived hungry. To such, the appearance of young ladies with Cornish pasties is as of damsels bearing rich gifts.

From the Yorkshire Area

UNKIND things have occasionally been said about Padres, both inside and outside Toc H, so that it is with sincere delight that we record the exploits of three in this Area who have lately done rather well. It was during the great snow blizzard of Quinquagesima and the floods which ushered in the discipline of Lent, that the episodes occurred. An Isolation

Hospital which had become too isolated for comfort was saved by the local curate, a member of Toc H, who carried supplies across the dales in thick fog on skis to the relief of patients in danger of real hardship. The following week in the flooded Doncaster district, the local Vicar sat in a boat all night on guard against the floods to warn the occupants of houses should the waters rise too high. The water was lapping against the walls of his Church, but his all-night vigil was crowned with a full day's duty the next day. The third episode is not in the same category of heroism, but is none the less an "event," and the many letters of congratulation from units in the Area and from many parts of Toc H, show that it is hailed with delight in many quarters. A son was born in the household of the Area Padre; "the unmarried daughters" have, therefore, a brother to keep them in order, and the second generation of Area Padres is assured. May Mrs. Colthurst (Madre) "use these columns" to thank all those members who have so kindly expressed their good wishes, and to tell them how flourishing are both herself and the son and heir? He is the first son ever born in a Toc H House, and inherits a fortune, which is spiritual rather than financial, but as real as any in the counsels of Wall Street.

Being a family man myself, I have a great sympathy with "the married man in Toc H," and I am quite convinced that we must all do a great deal more thinking if he is to be fitted satisfactorily into the life of the whole movement. Part of the difficulty lies in the fact that the pressure "of the world" has forced us away from the thought of Toc H as an outlook, a spirit, governing the whole of life, and driven us into regarding it as a matter which concerns groups of more or less unattached bachelors on one night a week between the hours of 7.30 and 10 p.m. It used to be said that "Toc H is a life to be lived and not a series of jobs"—it would perhaps be more up-to-date to say "Toc H is a life to be lived and not a series of meetings." Be this observation regarding the present tendency of Toc H true or not, the fact remains that there is a great unexplored region of service waiting for the married member. His chief job is the manifestation of a Christian home; from which, with his wife as partner, he becomes engaged in service. If the home is a Christian home, bent on works of mercy, a valuable contribution can be made in the keeping of open house for lively folk whether in Toc H or out of it, whether in Branches or residential Toc H Houses. If the Light of Bethlehem is in the home, it is the kind of light which is badly needed just now, as one Padre writes in his progress report, "there must be some mystery about Light which is attractive and appealing. . . ."

In his valuable book *Faith and Society*, Mr. Maurice Reckitt states that under the strain of the Great War "the idea of service, till then an exhortation of the few to the few, became the accepted watchword of the many. Conscience awoke; in its name hardships were quietly accepted and revaluations of received opinion clamantly demanded." It is this "revaluation of received opinion" which must be continually going on in Toc H, and there are few "received opinions" which need a more insistent challenge than the current opinion on home life. Therefore, "Go to it—ye merrie married men." Talking of homes, the York Branch has at last found an "Ideal Home." An ancient house in the heart of that ancient city has been transformed into the material embodiment of the spirit of Toc H. A chapel in the attic, a large club-room on the first floor, and small rooms on either side of the entrance, in which may be hatched adventurous plans in the service of Everyman. Its opening drew together the Bishop of Whitby, Mr. Arnold Rowntree, Rev. Roy Whitehorn, of the Presbyterians (late Toc H Malay), and Lord Middleton. The good wishes of the Area go with them on their combination of worship and work.

The "pace" in service has been set for us by Malton, who in conjunction with the British Legion grappled with the plague of typhoid and restored the confidence of their town. At every stage of the road they have resolutely refused publicity, but their solid

work and quiet efficiency in the acceptance of a daily risk has earned for them a reputation of which Yorkshire may be proud. *Hemsworth*, too, are excited beyond measure at their recent success. "What are you to do with an attendance of 90 every week, 50 of whom are unemployed?" The solution in that Yorkshire mining village is "The Gorton Service Club." An appeal in the *Times*, headed "where is Hemsworth?" brought a gift of £350 for the purchase of a House, its rent guaranteed for two years, and £21 in cash with which to begin operations. Now there is to be opened a club for Everyman, whether employed or not, in which every conceivable occupational and recreational activity will take place; the requisite for membership being attendance at Toc H meetings for one month. There is to be no caste system in Hemsworth, nor any relegation of "the unemployed" to a class for whom things may be done, but a clear and honest partnership in the building up of self-respect. In the transformation of values, few units will compete with the tiny Group at *Boulby*, high up on the North-east coast. Two a half years ago, the scratch of a match one dark summer night revealed the dim outline of a disused corrugated iron building on the edge of a precipitous cliff dropping sheer to the calm sea sixty feet below. This building, with its broken windows, had once been a religious meeting house. It became the rallying point for the men of that little hamlet strung out along the cliffs. Unemployment in the Ironstone Mining world had rendered them listless, rudderless and churlish. That first match struck tinder and men who had given up hope are now alive with a sense of usefulness which has brought happiness to many a housewife, and has proved that peace and plenty are not co-partners. All are unemployed, but all are eager to admit that they owe their new found life to Toc H.

It is with profound thankfulness that we have to record that life in its varied forms has been the characteristics of the last six months in the Area. *Harrogate* have advanced to Branch status and receive our heartiest congratulations; Groups at *Boroughbridge*, *Ecclesall* and *Ossett* are welcomed into the family, while eager beginnings in many parts are pressing for recognition. Two new Districts have been formed—*South Craven* and *Central Yorks*—and their District Committees are taking their first steps in leadership. Interesting experiments in reconstruction are taking place in *Sheffield*, while Retreats at *Mirfield* and *Hessle* have helped purify the springs of action for the whole Area.

This quickening life brings with it many changes of temper, not least of these is a growing impatience of instruction in technical details of administration coupled with an eager desire to face up to the full implications of the life to which we are pledged. There is a growing sense that we need drastically to reconsider our basis and our aim. The rapidity of the change from one generation to another has rendered our "war basis" obsolete, but we have not yet discovered with any certainty the basis of our appeal to the men of 1933. So serious do we feel this matter to be that we are calling a Conference during the week-end of June 24/25. To this Conference will be specially invited a hundred picked men. We shall meet at *Bishopthorpe* and, like the Franciscan "week of mats" of long ago, we shall camp out, and live hard, sleep hard, think hard, pray hard for 24 hours. We shall be led by *Barclay Baron*, *Alexander Paterson*, and the *Archbishop of York*, and our subject will be "Re-vision: Toc H in Daily Living in 1933." Sub-divisions will be: "Toc H in the Home, Work and Leisure Time" (*Alec Paterson*); and "The Inner Life of a Toc H man" (*Archbishop of York*). Our perspective will be given us by *Barkis*, who will give us an outline history of the last 17 years. In order that this Conference may be of real value, Branches and Groups are being asked to make the subjects the basis of discussions in many meetings between now and June, so that the men who come will come primed with matured thought. It is upon a rising tide that Toc H needs most to bestir itself if it is to play its part in the oncoming age.